

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

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POOR COUSIN EUNICE.

"I have a letter from Windham," said Mr. Gregory. It was nearly five minutes after he had come in, one cold Saturday evening in November. A fire had been made up in the dining-room, and his wife and two eldest daughters, Harriet and Lizzy, were sitting in its genial glow when he entered, and joined the circle that opened to receive him.

"From Helen."

"No. Helen is dead."

"Dead!"

There was surprise, but no sorrow in the voices that uttered and echoed the word—"Dead."

"Yes; she died last Monday."

"Who is the letter from—Eunice?" asked Mrs. Gregory.

"No; it is from Judge Helmbold."

"Ah! How came he to write?"

"I don't know."

"What does he say?"

"He simply mentions the fact that Helen died on last Monday, and was interred on Wednesday; and that Eunice is, for the present, at his house."

"At his house!" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Mrs. Gregory.

"Yes."

"Is she going to stay there?"

"I infer not. Had any such arrangement been made, or in contemplation, the judge would have said so. She is there only temporarily, I infer—that is, until we send for her."

"O dear, pa! you won't do that!" said Harriet, visibly disturbed at this suggestion.

"We don't want her here," added Lizzy, the second daughter.

"We can't have her," said Mrs. Gregory, positively.

"She has no other relatives living," remarked Mr. Gregory, "and it will not look well for us to turn away from the poor orphan. We cannot wholly disregard appearances. She is now at Judge Helmbold's, and it is evident that the judge, out of respect to us, took interest enough in Eunice to give her a home until we could make arrangements to receive her."

"I wish he hadn't meddled himself in the affair," remarked Mrs. Gregory, in no amiable tone of voice. "Eunice is nothing to us."

"She is your brother's child," said her husband, with enough of rebuke in his voice to indicate his better feelings on the subject about which they were talking in such a heartless manner.

"No matter. When he married Helen Leeds he put a distance between us that was never diminished; and when he died I held his widow as a stranger."

Mr. Gregory did not answer to this. He had a kinder heart, and it had been warming toward the motherless girl ever since the reception of Judge Helmbold's letter.

The brother of Mrs. Gregory had married, in the view of that lady, socially below his family position, and as she was simply a woman of the world, she never gave his wife counte-

nance or favor. His death occurred some years before the period at which our story commences; and now, by the death of his widow, their only child, a daughter in her eighteenth year, was left alone in the world, and penniless. No wonder that a woman like Mrs. Gregory should feel worried at the circumstance. If Judge Helmbold had not received Eunice into his family, nor written to her husband giving information of the sister-in-law's death, the case would have presented a better aspect. Some provision might have been made for the girl in her native place; but now, respect for the good opinion of Judge Helmbold and the circle in which he moved, demanded of them such a recognition of Eunice as would place her side by side with their own daughters. In other words, she must be taken into the family.

Mr. Gregory answered the judge's letter, and enclosed one for Eunice, in which he offered her a home. The letter to Eunice was brief, but kind and sincere. In the course of a week there came a reply from the girl, thanking Mr. Gregory for his tender of a home, and saying that she would be in Boston within a fortnight. She asked to be lovingly remembered to her aunt and cousins, adding that it would have been grateful to her feelings to have received a letter from one of them.

"Harriet," said Mr. Gregory, "you must write to your cousin. It isn't kind!"

"Indeed, pa, you must excuse me," answered the young lady, in a cold, proud manner. "I have nothing to say."

"You could say a kind word to the motherless girl. Think of her lonely, sorrowful condition. It should fill your heart with tenderness and pity."

But Mr. Gregory could make no impression on the proud, unfeeling girl, who was wholly influenced by her mother's estimate of the case.

At the end of a fortnight Eunice arrived. Mr. Gregory met her at the railway station. He had not seen her for five years, but recognized her in a moment by the large, dark, chestnut brown eyes which he had thought so beautiful in her mother. Her reception, when he presented her at home, was not cordial. The aunt and cousins scarcely veiled their reluctance at receiving her with a decent politeness. They pushed her away from them to the utmost distance in their power, and she moved back, instinctively, at the pressure, and stood afar off—not in tearful submission to her fate, nor in proud defiance—but in such

calm, womanly dignity, that her aunt and cousins were embarrassed in their efforts to make up an estimate of her character. She had disappointed them. Her picture, in their minds, had been that of an ordinary looking girl—plain, uninteresting, shrinking—a nobody whom they could snub, and slight, and insult at will. But, instead, Eunice came among them dignified in manner, and impressive in person and bearing. Her face was handsome, rather than plain, and her eyes large, dark, and of that liquid depth which we sometimes see in eyes that appear looking at us from a far distance, and that hold us with a power which we can neither define nor break.

As we said, at the first meeting Mrs. Gregory and her daughters pushed Eunice away from them with a cold repulsion to which her sensitive, but womanly spirit, yielded instantly, and she took her position at such a distance that they were never able to get near her afterward. She was not one to snub, and slight, and insult at will, as they had imagined. O no! There was a tone and an air about her that forbade this. They could be cold and formal, but not insolent—for the calm dignity of her manner, her self-poise, and self-consciousness, repressed rudeness and enforced respect. She never intruded conversation on her aunt and cousins, but often talked with Mr. Gregory when in their presence, in a way to surprise and shame them—the shame being for their own mental inferiority.

As Eunice was in mourning, there was a good reason why she did not see company, and her presence in the Gregory family was scarcely known in their circle of visiting acquaintances. Occasionally she was seen by one and another of their more intimate friends, and when questions were asked in regard to her, she was slightly referred to as a poor relative to whom they had given a home.

Nearly six months had passed since Eunice came into her uncle's family, and she was almost as much a stranger there as on the day of her entrance. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were sitting alone one evening, about this time, when Eunice came down from her room and joined them. Mr. Gregory met her with his usual kind manner, Mrs. Gregory with her usual distant politeness. She had, evidently, come with the purpose of talking to them on some matter concerning herself, and she did not keep them waiting.

"For your kindness," she began, with a slight unsteadiness in her voice, which soon grew calm, "in giving me a home up to this

time, I shall ever be grateful. I would not have intruded upon you so long, if heart and brain had been strong enough for the work of self-support. Both are strong enough now, I believe, and I have made my arrangements to leave you next week."

"Leave us, Eunice? I don't understand you! For where, and for what?" Mrs. Gregory spoke in real surprise.

"I am going into Miss R——'s school as a teacher," calmly answered the girl.

"No, Eunice," said Mr. Gregory, "you shall do nothing of the kind. You have a home here always, and in welcome. What has possessed you to think of such a thing?"

"I have never intended, uncle, to burden you with my support," Eunice replied. "Your kind offer of a home I accepted gratefully, while my heart was too heavy with its recent sorrow to bear me out in the world. I am stronger now, and independence is a native element of my character."

"In Miss R——'s school!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, giving voice at length to her astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eunice.

"Where Lisette goes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"No—never!" she said firmly. "I'm not going to have my niece a teacher in *that* school. No—not in any school in Boston."

"Why not?" asked Eunice.

"Is the girl beside herself?"

"You must reconsider this whole matter," said Mr. Gregory. "I'm sorry it was not mentioned before. Have you really engaged with Miss R——?"

"Yes, sir."

"My niece! Such a disgrace!" ejaculated Mrs. Gregory, carried away by her feelings. "What will be thought of this?"

"I will call on Miss R—— and cancel the engagement," said Mr. Gregory, in the kindest manner. "I regret that you have not felt at home here, but we will try to make things more agreeable. Don't think that you are a burden to us."

"Uncle Gregory," replied Eunice, "I settled this matter long ago. I am too self-reliant and too just, I hope, to live in idle dependence. Since I have been here, I have tried to make myself useful, and to repay your generous kindness in all ways in my power. It has been done inadequately, I know—but the heart of gratitude was there, and it will never cease to beat. Now I go, as I have said."

Remonstrance and persuasion were alike

unavailing. At the time specified, Eunice left her uncle's house, and assumed the duties of a teacher in Miss R——'s school, greatly to the scandal and mortification of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, and greatly to the satisfaction of her own independent mind. The six months she had spent in her uncle's family had been months of painful humiliation, and the time was only prolonged to this period for the reason which has been given.

Among the visiting acquaintances of the Gregorys was a young man named Edmondson. He was a lawyer, whose talents had already attracted public notice, and of whom almost every one predicted a brilliant future. A small fortune had come to him recently, from a distant relative. His talents, person, prospects, and fortune—moderate though it was—gave an aggregate of attractions that made him of no light consideration in the eyes of Mrs. Gregory, who thought him just the man of all others she would like to see the husband of Harriet. In consequence, she was always very gracious to him, and never let a good opportunity for turning his thought toward this daughter pass unimproved. Harriet, in common parlance, was quite in love with him—that is, as much so as was possible for a girl so selfish, worldly, and heartless, to be. He filled her fancy better than any other man she had yet seen. His fortune was not large, but his family was good, and he had talents that were likely to command fortune. Moreover, there were distant relatives possessing large wealth, and the probabilities, it had been reasoned among the Gregorys, were largely in favor of his sharing a portion of this wealth in time.

"Where is that brown-eyed niece of yours, Mrs. Gregory?" asked Mr. Edmondson, one day, "I havn't seen her for some time."

"She is not with us any longer," replied Mrs. Gregory. Her manner told the young man that he had touched a disagreeable subject.

"Ah; I was not aware that she had left you."

Mrs. Gregory said nothing more; but the impression on Mr. Edmondson was unfavorable to Eunice. Sometime afterward, a thought of this girl passing through his mind, he said to a lady with whom he happened to be conversing,

"Did you ever see a young lady in black at Mr. Gregory's?"

"His niece?"

"Yes. A dark-eyed, elegant-looking girl, with something queenly in her manner?"

"O, yes. I've met her there occasionally."

"She always seemed to hold herself at a distance."

"That was her manner."

"Was there any thing wrong about her?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I inferred as much, from the aspect of Mrs. Gregory, when I inquired about her not long ago."

"Ah! Then you asked after her? What reply did you receive?"

"The unsatisfactory one, that she did not reside with them any longer. From her manner, I inferred that there was something wrong about the young lady."

"Would you like to know of that something wrong?"

"It gives me no pleasure to hear wrong of any one; but, in the few times that I saw her, the girl interested me, and I would, therefore, like to know the truth in regard to her."

"She left the house of her uncle and aunt, to become a teacher in Miss R——'s school," said the lady.

"Why so?"

"Because she had too much spirit to eat the bread of dependence."

"Is that so?" There was a quick lighting up of Mr. Edmondson's face.

"Even so."

"And is there nothing wrong beyond this?"

"Nothing that I have heard. Against her purity of character, slander, I take it, dare not even whisper. And Miss R—— says, that in sweetness of temper, womanly dignity, self-reliance, and Christian patience in the discharge of duty, she is peerless."

"I like all that!" replied the young man, with enthusiasm. "Here we have a real woman; not a weak, selfish, proud, indolent, spoiled nursling of a luxurious home, reared by a weak and selfish a mother, and kept in laces and satins, and pillow'd on down, for some silly man who is weak enough to take her, in the hope of getting a wife! Of what use to any one in this world of care, sorrow, trial, reverses, and disappointments, is a silly doll like that? He is a fool, who tries the voyage of life with such a helpless companion. I pity him when the sky darkens, and the storms fall! The niece, I infer, was poor."

"Yes. A brother of Mrs. Gregory married a girl whose position in life did not suit her high notions; and so neither himself nor wife had any countenance. The brother died some years ago; and his widow, and true, good woman, as I have learned, struggled alone with poverty, to

raise and educate her daughter. She died, after well accomplishing her work. The Gregories then offered Eunice a home. They were written to, I believe, by Judge Helmbold, of Windham; and she was taken into their family, as I infer, merely to save appearances."

"Why, a girl like this one, is worth a hundred idle fashionables!" said Mr. Edmondson.

"I must know her."

"Win her and wear her, if you can, my young friend," said the lady. "But, such as she, are not lightly won: fruit of this quality does not hang low, but on the higher branches; and they who pluck it must climb."

"Thank you for the hint," replied the young man. "I will climb."

A few months afterward, Mrs. Gregory received this note from Miss R——:

"DEAR MADAM: I think it my duty to inform you that a gentleman, Mr. Harvey Edmondson, is in the habit of visiting your niece frequently; and they are often out together in the evening. I have spoken to her once or twice on the subject, but have not received answers that were altogether satisfactory. I have every confidence in her as a pure, good girl; and yet, as I cannot feel sure of Mr. Edmondson's honorable intentions, I am naturally concerned. As her nearest relative, I think it best that you should be advised of the facts as they exist."

There was considerable stir among the Gregories, on receipt of this letter. The worst was inferred by all; no, not by all, for Mr. Gregory's thought went first to the truth, though it wavered a little under the positive conclusions of his wife. What was to be done? With Eunice, they could have no influence; for, since the step which had made her a teacher, instead of an idle dependent, there had been no intercourse between them. As a mere teacher, she could not be received by them as an equal and friend, and she would not meet them on any other footing. So, she could not be admonished or controlled. The only mode of interference suggested was that of Mr. Gregory, as directed upon the young man himself. Mrs. Gregory insisted upon it, that her husband should caution the young lawyer against any further advances in that direction. She remembered how she had herself given Mr. Edmondson the impression there was something wrong about Eunice; and now conscience—no, a dread of family disgrace in the person of her niece—troubled her considerably. It was plain to her, that she had herself put the destroyer on the track of her niece.

"Have you seen Mr. Edmondson yet?" she asked, almost daily of her husband. But Mr. Gregory, whose anxieties on the subject had never been very disturbing, invariably said no.

About this time, cards of invitation were received from a family of high social standing in the city—a family whose position was not based on wealth, but on something harder to acquire, and more enduring. The Gregorys were flattered by the notice taken of them in this invitation, and were at special pains, like all vulgar people, to make an imposing appearance on the occasion.

The company was not large, but select; and, certainly, Mrs. Gregory and her two daughters did make an appearance. There were no such displays of costly laces and jewels in the rooms. The guests were in two large parlors, opening into each other by folding doors. Soon after the arrival of the Gregorys, Mr. Edmondson moved through the room in which they sat, and, seeing them, joined their circle. There was nothing of coldness or reserve on the part of Mrs. Gregory or her daughters, toward the man whose apparent relation with respect to their niece and cousin, was of a questionable character, but a fluttering pleasure that was not concealed. No one who saw the smiles with which he was received, and the pleased affability that was maintained, could have imagined how the case really stood.

Mr. Edmondson was still talking with the Gregorys, when a movement indicated a selection of partners for dancing. The young man, instead of asking Harriet to take a place with him on the floor, merely bowed and withdrew. In a little while, gay music filled the air, and beauty wheeled in intervening circles through the rooms. No one had offered a hand to either of the Miss Gregorys, and they sat, in some disappointment, where they had taken their places, on entering the parlors. Mr. Edmondson was on the floor, in the other room, but they were not, at first, from their position, able to make out his partner, of whom they could only get fleeting glimpses, as she swept to the outer circles in the many figures. They saw that she was tall, beautifully formed, and graceful in her movements, but attired with exceeding plainness. Her face did not happen to be toward them, when her person was seen.

Who was she? That was the one question in their thoughts. The solution came. As the figures took a reverse motion, the faces of the dancers were seen successively, and that of Mr. Edmondson's partner was presented to

the eyes of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, radiant with beauty and feeling.

"What a sweet, pure, lovely face it is," remarked a lady, who had seen the countenance of Mr. Edmondson's partner. She addressed Mrs. Gregory, but received no response. If she had looked at her closely, she would have noticed a sickly pallor on her face.

"His fiancée, I believe," said another lady, turning to the one who had spoken.

"Ah! Is that so?" With some interest.

"Yes; and I admire the manly independence which has determined his choice."

"Why so? It strikes me, judging from the countenance I say just now, that manly independence could have very little to do with the selection."

"And I presume had not; but we are apt to speak after this fashion, when a young man in his position and with his prospects, selects a poor girl for his life companion—one standing quite alone in the world, and self-dependent."

"And this is her case?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Hadley."

"What of her?"

"She is a teacher in Miss R——'s school."

"Ah!"

"Yes;—and I am told that she chose the life of a teacher, in preference to idle dependence on wealthy relatives who offered her a home."

"Noble girl! I like that!" was the warmly-spoken response. "The true woman proved itself there. Our young friend showed good sense, as well as good taste. But, who are these relatives? Do they live in Boston?"

"Yes; but I have not heard their names. They are, as I understand, rich nobodies, who offered her a home to save appearances, but who never countenanced her after she elected independence and a teacher's life."

"And Mr. Edmondson is really going to marry her?"

"O, yes. That is all settled, I hear."

"Then I shall claim her as a friend. Give me the womanly quality, and I will let others content themselves with the effigies of women, elaborately made up, that flutter in our social circles like butterflies, and who are about as substantial as these aerial beings. Money will give you such creatures by the hundred; but solid substance—women are of rarer production."

The Gregorys heard no more, for the two ladies arose and went to another part of the

room. But that was quite enough to make their pride, vanity, and poor self-estimation as limp as a wet ribbon. It was as the lady had said. Eunice had become the affianced of Mr. Edmondson; and it was in recognition of this, that she was the guest, on that evening, of a lady whose social position was among the first in Boston; and when, in a few months afterward, she became a bride, she passed into a circle of refinement and intelligence that never opened, except specially and in cold formality, to mere outside people like her aunt and cousins.

T. S. A.

FIN' MCGANN'S GHOST.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

"Hist! the spectres gather,
Break, and group again."—E. S. Miller.

LET matter-of-fact people talk as they may, there are persons still living among us whose experience is not wholly free from presentiments, coincidences, and even apparitions—witness the prevalence of "spiritualism" at the present day in our own country. Credulous people reject all explanations which tend to throw discredit upon the supernatural theory, preferring to wrap that up in mystery which a better knowledge of known laws, and an honest investigation, would make as clear and plain as the noonday sun. I confess I have little patience with such people, and would at any time prefer a walk of five miles, rather than listen to their nonsense, which, by the way, is a fitting word, and covers the whole case.

I am inclined to believe that if people would but exercise their mother-wit, and retain their presence of mind instead of yielding up to a vague terror, they would never fail in proving that which is commonly termed "supernatural" to be simply natural. I could give a score of instances where a courageous bearing prevented persons from becoming the victims of gross delusions. One in particular I am tempted to relate, as I received it from the lady herself.

"When I was a young girl I was in the habit of visiting my sister, Mrs. C——, who lived a little distance from my mother's, and it was not uncommon for me to remain over night with her. I was naturally lively, and Mr. and Mrs. C—— were glad of my company; my room was always ready for me whenever it suited me to pass a night with them. On the occasion referred to we had sat up later than usual, and when my sister went out to obtain a light for me, I called to her, saying I would run up stairs in the dark.

I am not, nor never was, timorous, and on that night in particular I felt perfectly fearless. I thought I would throw open the window-blinds and go to bed in the moonlight; but the moon had not risen; so I closed the window drowsily, and went to bed in the dark. I suppose I had slept an hour or more, when I suddenly awoke—it was a disagreeable awakening, and my gaze rested upon a frightful object which seemed to be standing in mid air at the foot of my bed, with its long arms extended toward me. I lay perfectly motionless a moment, too frightened to utter a sound, and totally incapable of motion, and in that brief moment I took in the whole apparition. It was the form of a woman, headless, but with long arms, and long, shriveled hands, which were writhing forward in the effort to clutch me; a second look showed me the severed head hanging upon her breast, with the face twisted round toward me, and making the most horrible grimaces and unnatural contortions. The body was stout and lusty, in striking contrast with the hands and face. I saw all this plainly, by the light of the moon, which shone through the windows; and then my first thought was to cover my head with the bedclothes to shut out the horrible vision, when it occurred to me that if I permitted myself to do so without making an effort to free myself from the spectre, I would never muster courage to look up again, my reason might desert me, or I might die through excessive fright. This thought alone saved me. I sprang forward desperately and grasped the apparition, and in grasping it I grasped my sister's lawn dress, which she had hung up in my absence to dry, pinning a pair of gloves to the sleeves, and a cap to the neck. I arose and went to the window, which I thought I had closed firmly; it was partly open, and the night breeze sweeping through the room had swelled the dress, swaying it back and forth. This was my ghost. You laugh—but I flatter myself you would not find one woman out of a hundred who would display as much courage in the same situation—indeed, I doubt if you would yourself, Mr. ——."

But to my story.

That the reader may understand the matter fully, let me go back to the morning that I hired Tim Mucklerath, my man-of-all-work, at the instance of Mrs. Oliver, who firmly averred his help was not only indispensable, but, in point of fact, a saving. And here again, permit me to correct myself. I stated, inadvertently, that I hired Mr. Mucklerath. I

should have said that he hired me, for I remember I was the catechised party.

"I don't like your bargain," said Mrs. Oliver to me, as she returned from short interview with the new man-of-all-work on the morning of his arrival. "He doesn't meet your look fairly; I can't trust people who are continually shifting their ground, and looking everywhere but into your face when you are speaking to them."

Now, I always make it a point to please Mrs. Oliver when it is in my power, for she is a woman worth the pleasing. So I replied—

"I couldn't do any better, Ellen. If you think you can get along without him another week I will pay him for his trouble and try to do better, unless"—here I paused and bestowed a significant look upon my wife—"perhaps you could do better."

"You know very well," she began, then paused abruptly, with a finger over her lips meditatively. At the end of a minute she added, in a lively tone, "well, we can try him, anyhow; perhaps it may be a fancy; but he has the look of an escaped convict." And with this not very flattering comparison Mrs. Oliver left the room.

Now, far be it from me to cast reproach upon the builders of our roads; the men whose hands are ever ready and willing to grasp the axe or spade, for I remember too well the relationship I bear to them—but I was about to say that Tim Mucklerath's countenance was anything but prepossessing, and I remembered he had attempted to dissipate any doubts I might have entertained concerning his qualifications for the position he was about to fill, by resorting to his usual defence, or, more properly, weapon; for above all things I dread and abhor "blarney." "Why, then, employ him?" asks the reader. Because I could not find a better at the time, and because even during the few minutes I conversed with him the cunning rascal's tongue explained his villainous face away. [Reader, I would advise you to trust to your instinct rather than your ears.]

Tim Mucklerath had been with us about five months, and, as a general thing, gave satisfaction. Once or twice my wife's suspicions were aroused, but Tim managed to throw the blame in another direction, and at last Mrs. Oliver began to think Tim the most faithful of servants. "What would we do without him? He was invaluable, and so ready as he was!" I had my doubts, at times, about his readiness. He was altogether too ready. He perceived

many things that a man in his position should never be permitted to perceive. I told Mrs. Oliver so, but she took his part warmly, and I let them have it their own way, determined to keep a strict watch on "the honest fellow."

I was looking over some plants one morning about a week ago, when I heard Tim's voice beneath my window, and looking out, I beheld my man-of-all-work sitting squat upon the ground with his head bowed down between his hands. His manner was very dejected, but his language was dolorous.

"Wurra, wurra! It's meself in throuble noo! Sorra the one iv me iver drhamed the loikes o' this! Arrah! phat (what) the devil's comed over me that I thremble loike a lafe wi' ivery whipstitch? Sure, an' he's dead an' in his grave this many a day—I misremember rightly if I didn't make restitushun to Biddy McGann to a farden! faith! to his dudeen (pipe) even, an' here I can nather taste bit or sup for the fright he has g'in me, bad scran to him!"

"What is the matter, Tim?" I inquired, looking down upon him.

"Begorra, and just nothing at all, Mr. Oliver," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet suddenly, affecting a cheerful manner, and making off around the corner. A few hours later Mrs. Oliver met me as I was entering the dining-room.

"Mr. Oliver, what is the matter with Tim? Have you been scolding him? He appears to be very down-hearted; just look at him there, with his foot on the spade, and his head bent forward as if he were going asleep."

I did look. Tim Mucklerath was evidently in a brown study. Looking up suddenly he started as his eyes encountered my gaze, and the next moment the spade was moving briskly through the soft earth, while a very faint attempt at a whistle met my ear.

"There is *something* the matter with him, be sure," said the cook, who was looking out at him; "perhaps he has heard bad news from Ireland, poor fellow!"

During the remainder of the day Tim's manner was the same; when he was spoken to he would turn to the speaker nervously, and with distended eyes, like one coming out of a disagreeable dream, inquire what was wanted. But he declined to make any confidants, and sturdily maintained that his health was excellent. "Perhaps he had news from home, and maybe he hadn't," and that was all we could make out of him.

Early on the following morning—I think it

was before five, at least I lost an hour's sleep in consequence—I heard Tim crying out lustily for help. His room was just over ours, but it was necessary to walk the length of the building through the old-fashioned, rambling hall ere one could gain access to his room, the stairway belonging to it being at the extreme end of the hall. I did not need Mrs. Oliver's urging to hasten my movements, but dipping into an old night gown and a pair of slippers, I hurried through the hall, smiling to myself as it occurred to me that I only wanted the laced hat to complete the costume of the Laird of Dumbiedike where he interferes to protect Jennie Deans from the violence of Mrs. Bal-christie.

"Och! howd aff wi' ye, Fin', an' it be yer self comed back! For the lufe o' heaven lave me, lave me! There's a dear soul now, an' I'll gie yer widow lashings o' goold. I wondher how ye can have the heart to tormint me, and me making restitushun to a farden (farthing) to the widow McGann!"

The last of this was muttered with his head under the bedclothes, which were no little agitated by Tim's excessive trembling.

"What is all this, Tim—are you crazy? Who are you talking to, or what are you talking about? Here you have roused the house, and frightened Mrs. Oliver out—"

"Och! Master Oliver, save me from him, or sorra the one o' me 'll iver set another fut on the rod."

"What are you shaking there for? For shame, Tim; a man of *your* age to huddle under the bedclothes as if he had seen a ghost. Get up!" (authoritatively.)

"Tare an ages! how can I, an' him making all manner of faces at me?"

I began to think I had a lunatic on my hands.

"*Him?* who do you mean, Tim?" I inquired, in a coaxing tone, "I see no one; there is no person here but you and I. Who is making faces at you? You are surely dreaming."

"Is he gone thin?" and Tim ventured to let me pull the clothes down from his head, glancing up to the ceiling, while his teeth fairly chattered with fear and terror. "Dhraming, is it? Whisper a wee, Mr. Oliver; I've seen his ghost! I seen it as plain as I see you, an' it's myself mislikes to belave it; but faix! wan's night must e'en be trusted, the more betoken—Howly Mither! save me, Master Oliver—save me!" and Tim suddenly ducked his head under the bedclothes again, shivering in an agony of fright.

The man is raving mad, I said to myself, as I cast about for means to rid myself of this annoyance. He heard me as I was about to leave the room for the purpose of donning some heavier garments.

"For the lufe o' heaven don't lave me here alone, Master Oliver! that's a darling! an' I'll just confess t'ye an' resign me sitooashun this blessed minit, for I can't stand this at all, at all!"

"What is the poor fool gabbling about now?" I demanded angrily, as I turned toward the window and opened the blinds.

"God bless you!" cried Tim, as he heard the blinds creaking, throwing the bedclothes aside and sitting up in the bed, "why didn't you think ov that sooner? Begorra! I'm most dead wi' fright—bad scran to him! Och! but that's the blissid sunlight, ony way; sure, an' he'll no venture back in broad daylight, Mr. Oliver?"

"Tim," I said, advancing to his side, and assuming a serious manner, as a suspicion entered my mind, "there is something wrong here—your conscience must be troubling you."

"Indade, Mr. Oliver—"

"Stop, whose ghost have you seen?"

"Fin' McGann's." I sat down beside him with a smile, saying,

"Tim, people with clear consciences don't tremble as you are doing now; there is more than a ghost here."

"Ye may well say that, sir; but may I suppose wi' a spoon o' grief durin' the remainder o' my nateral life, if Fin' McGann's ghost didnt walk over the ceilin' afore yer honor's very eyes,—but may be it's only permitted to me to see it, tho' sorra the one o' me feels obliged to thin' for that same privilidge, the more be token my stomache was ill able to bear it, consithering I naether tasted bit or sup from mornin' till night, (except a drap o' whiskey I got from the cook in the mornin') wi' the fright I got yesterday; but I'll just resign, Mr. Oliver; I'll just resign my sitooashun, an' may be he'll lave me in peace."

"And who was Fin' McGann?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Oliver, an' may be it ud no plaise ye to hear it,—but Fin' an' I were loons thegither in the ould countrhy, an' we had ay a bit *jalously* until Fin' married Biddy Dougherty, an' thin the bit grew to a muckle, an' so wan day he rappit me ower the crown for sayin' just nothin' at all, consithering I was his equal, an' so—an' so I returned the compliment w' heavy intherist."

"Well, and what am I to infer from that?"

"Why, sir, he went to his bed—it's meself

mislikes to think ov it; but it was a fair fight as ever was seen!—he went to his bed, an' niver left it till he was carried out feet foremost, an' that's the whole ov it."

"I don't wonder at your troubled conscience, Tim, with the blood of a fellow-creature on your head."

"I tell ye it was a fair fight! An' didn't I make restitoooshun to his widow? Sure an' I offered to fight ony o' the name, besides payin' all expenses—a good penny it was, as I have cause to remimber—did'nt I make restitoooshun, even to his dudeen that I broke when I rapped him over the crown?"

"But what do you want to confess to me?—there is something on your mind—out with it at once."

"Why, thin,—but may be it ud do as well to-morrow!"

"No! I want no more bawling at this hour of the day. What has your confession to do with Fin' McGann's ghost? By the way, what did the ghost look like?"

"Och! Mr. Oliver," replied Tim, with his hand over his heart, "like nothing that iver was seen by mortal; sometimes it was like the face ov the moon, only far brighter; an' sometimes it had wings, that wur niver at rest; but divil the flap could wan hear—sure an' that was awful; to see it flyin' over you, an' around you, always threatnin' to ate you up, body an' soul, an' still nivir coming near you!—an' sometimes it made faces—indade, I may say it has nivir got rid of Fin's bad habits—he was always a makin' ov ugly faces—an' whisper a wee, Mr. Oliver; sometimes it was like a blue flame ready to lick wan up, an' it's meself thinks that was the worst ov all."

There could be no doubt of Tim's sincerity; he trembled violently, even when describing the apparition; still, I was not prepared to acknowledge the presence of a ghost in my house, which I flattered myself was as orderly and well-kept, (thanks to Mrs. Oliver,) as any house in the village.

"When did you see this first?"

"Yesterday, early i' the mornin'."

"At what hour?"

"If I don't misremimber, about four, or a thrife later."

"How did it get into the room—you say it flew over you?"

"Faix! iv ye'll only tell me that same, Mr. Oliver, I'd be obligated to ye foriver, and a day longer. Av coorse it flew over me; it could'nt worry me much, if it wint undher the bed out ov sight."

"How large was it? describe it particularly now."

"Arrah an' hav'n't I just attimpted that same, only me language failed me intirely. Sure an' I could naether tell ye the hoith nor the breadth ov it; but," pointing from one bed-post to another, as he spoke, "it waver'd from yander to yander—sometimes it was big as a plate, (whin it drew its wings in, an' gaped at me, an' me lyin' on the broad o' me back in the dark,) an' thin again it flashed out, (that was when it resimblled a blue flame,) as broad as the bed, an' broader too; but the worst ov it was the settlin! Och! when it rin 'round an' 'round forninst me very face, dancin' an' shiverin' like nothin' that iver was een wi' mortal eyes!"

I thought for a moment, and then replied, "Well, Tim, I will sleep with you to-night. But you will keep this a secret; say nothing to any one, and I will get at the bottom of this strange affair. Come, put on your clothes, and go down; I will stay here until you leave the room."

He obeyed me with alacrity. When he left me alone, I examined the room, but found no clue to the mysterious apparition! In the course of the day, I inquired of Mrs. Oliver if she had missed any valuables lately. Yes, she had lost her ear-rings, a very pretty cloak, and a silver thimble; but she knew where they went, or rather, she knew they had been stolen by a beggar woman—that was the thanks *she* received for taking such people in. But the woman should never enter the house again!

When night came, I told Mrs. Oliver my plan, and ascended with Tim to his room, there to defend him from the ghost of his old enemy, Fin' McGann. I was sleeping soundly, when Tim drove his sharp elbow into my side, at the risk of breaking my ribs, about half past four the next morning; and, looking up, I beheld a bright light circling over my head, with a strange, irregular motion. The room was dark; and when I had looked at the light a minute or two in silence, I was at no loss to account for the singular movements of Mr. McGann's ghost. I rose and approached the window, threw open the blinds, and gazed down upon the ground; then closed the blinds again, and went back to bed to comfort Tim, who lay trembling and moaning under the bed-clothes.

"Tim, look up."

"Bid me do anything but that, sir. Och! wurra! wurra! but I'm in the hoith of misery! Have ye niver a Bible or a prayer to dhrive him away, Master Oliver?"

"Tim, this is all nonsense; you may as well meet him first as last."

"Och! why did I stay in the house, acushla! whin it was all wan whether?"—

"Tim, did you ever know me to deceive you?"

"I wonder that ye ax me such a question;—but pit Fin' out o' the room at wonst, or he'll dhrike me distraughted—an' ye can do it; do it at wonst, for the luve o' heaven, Master Oliver!"

"Tim, on the honor of a gentleman, I promise to banish Fin' McGann's ghost forever—provided you confess the truth. But, if you don't, McGann's ghost will follow you everywhere, for it is a ghost that can only be 'laid' in one way, and I very much doubt your ability to 'lay' it alone."

"Well, sir—but is it there now?"

"Look for yourself."

"Me! how can you be so dhroll, an' me in such misery! Och! but this is beyant everything!"

"It will go worse with you yet, if you don't confess what you done with Mrs. Oliver's cloak."

"Sure an' I gave it to—that the devil am I sayin'? What do I know about her cloak?—ax the beggar woman."

"Did you give the ear-rings away too? the truth? or I'll pull the clothes from your head!"

"Yis, yis! To be sure! an' the thimble! an' the gloves, an' the bit lace—they all wint the same way—bad scran to the diel that enticed me!"

"Well, you will recover them again, or go to prison, Tim: I give you your choice."

"Me! how can I recover them, an' the jade aff to Australiaw'i that spalpeen, Dan McGuire? But dhrike the ghost away, an' I'll confess everything—there's a darling!"

"Confess first,—you are such a liar, that I can't believe a word you say."

"An' you promise on the honor ov a gentleman to 'lay' the ghost—is it there yet?"

"Yes, just over your head. Come; your confession."

"An' if I have naething to confess?"

"Very well; you can 'lay' the ghost at your leisure."

"Don't, don't leave me here alone. There is the bill at the butcher's, an' there is the bill at the grocer's, an' the baker's bill, an'—an' that's all, as thrus as I'm a sinner!"

"Ah! indeed! And what do these bills mean, pray?"

"Sure an' your hard o' comprehenshun. Doesn't my sister, Mrs. McGraw, live at the end ov the lane wi' a wheen hungry mouths around her, an' doesnt yr honer have lashings o' gude things an' to spare, arn't I the wan that din the errands, forby workin' in the garden? How could I help throwin' a mouthful to the wanes (children) an' their only uncle? It was a sin for ye to tempt me."

"And so you have been feeding your sister's family at my expense, you rascal!"

Tim made no reply: probably he deemed a reply unnecessary. I however opened the blinds a second time, and compelled him to look at a bucket of water which sat on the ground at a little distance from the house. (I ascertained afterward that a bucket had been placed there by the cook, who was an early riser.) Then closing them, I bade him look up to the ceiling, where Fin' McGann's ghost shivered above the bed. But, to prove the matter, I opened the blinds a third time, and aiming a stick at the bucket, struck it on one side, then closing the blinds hastily, commanded him to observe Mr. McGann's ghost, (which of course was simply the reflection of the water upon the ceiling,*) as it 'spread its wings' over the bed, describing at the same time an irregular circle.

"There is nothing there but the reflection of the sunlight from that bucket of water below us: here is the proof. If I turn down these slats so, it disappears; but your guilty conscience gave it the face of Fin' McGann, and the wings of a demon; and that which is a pleasant spectacle to innocent children, your fears caused you to view as 'blue flames, ready to lick you up.' You can go, Tim; I never was partial to cowards, and I have less partiality for a thief. I am very thankful to Mr. McGann's ghost for the discovery I have made, for I have no doubt you would have managed to deceive us five months longer, if it had not been for this fortunate 'Ghost!'"

In conclusion, I have only to say that Mrs. Oliver reprimanded me for letting the scoundrel off so easily, and even now she is accusing herself with stupidity, in permitting her man-of-all-work to swell our bills forty odd dollars more than they should be: however, we both owe Fin' McGann's ghost our everlasting gratitude for the lesson we learned through it.

* The above story is founded upon a fact.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY SARAH FAUSSETT.

If hangs upon the wall, dust dimmed and lonely,
A woman's face, a faded portrait only

Of one long dead, whose name I know not even,
Yet one who has, I know, loved, suffered, striven.

Some eyes are open books, soul-records merely,
Books where the inner life is written clearly.

So still I linger as night gathers o'er me,
Reading her life in those deep eyes before me.

When crowds who rest with hearts no life-throb
giving,

Wrote their life songs in deeds, toiled, lived as we
are living,

A child roamed o'er the sunny summer meadow,
Dreaming alone within the maple's shadow,

Till full her heart grew of sweet, wayward fancies,
Thoughts only wakened in these waking trances.

Life's spring-flowers bloomed; singing she walked
beside them,

Gathered the fairest, and with sunbeams tied them.

A dream; in whose day-dawn of glory breaking
Life seemed transfigured, then, the dread awaking,

When the heart buries its sweet, broken vision,
Grope in the dark sheet from its lost elysian.

When the soul wakens from the spell that bound it,
To see its chains, the gilded cage, around it.

Some, when the idols of their love have perished,
Mourn, helpless, o'er the grave of day-dreams
cherished,

Shut from the heart all gladness there abiding,
Till they grow clouds on earth, the sunlight hiding.

And some, with hearts pride-locked, in whose cells
clouded

Lie ghastly griefs unburied and unshrouded—

Tread the gay rounds of revelry beside them
To drown the wailings of regret that chide them.

Ah! there were dreary hours, and days unnum-
bered,

When Faith bowed low her head, and Hope's voice
slumbered—

When in a forest dark she groped benighted,
Crumbling, at every step, Hope's leaflets blighted.

At last she ceased to struggle; faint and weary,
Her soul looked upward, through the darkness
dreary.

A light dawned downward on her spirit slowly,
She clasped it, bowing in thanksgiving lowly.

What though the sunlight of her life was shaded,
What though the blossom of her heart had faded,

All flowers must fade and fall in pain and sorrow,
That fruit may grow and ripen on the morrow.

Bowed low in suffering, yet blind no longer,
She rose unto her life-work purer, stronger.

Dead lay love's fire with all its glowing flashes,
Yet rose all deathless from its buried ashes.

In every soul some hidden seeds are lying
That might up-spring, and bloom to flowers undying.

Full many souls in close locked cells imprison
Winged thoughts that might in glory have arisen.

But some know never their own riches measure,
They have no keys that may unlock the treasure.

Thank God! there is a sphere where souls oped
never

On earth to light, may be unlocked forever.

Slowly her feet, when life's smooth path was ended,
The weary stairs of suffering ascended.

Sorrow, to her, was but a key, God bidden,
That oped the cell where her soul's wealth was hid-
den;

What though the key in turning sent a quiver
Of anguish through her heart—she blessed the giver.

What though the door, when opened, hid in sad-
ness

The sunny path where she had walked in gladness,

Another life, and higher, lay before her—
God led her gently on, His hand was o'er her.

With clearer vision and with larger seeing
The hidden wealth undreamed-of in her being—

Winged thought-birds from their slumber wakened
never—

Birds that if freed might soar and sing forever.

Slowly she oped the cage where they were lying,
Praying, "God bless them, speed their wings for
flying!"

"Let them go forth their way, in gladness winging,
Of Hope and Love, of Faith and Patience singing,

"Bringing a little light to pathways dreary,
A little music unto spirits weary."

Wakened to life, and freed from bonds that bound
them,

They flew into the busy world around them—

Some soaring eagles to the light upspringing,
Some little spring-birds by the wayside singing.

There were lone aching hearts, long bowed in sor-
row,

To whom they sang of sunlight on the morrow.

With folded wings they perched, like robins, lowly,
Singing of all things sweet and all things holy,
Till careless ears long deaf to music listened,
Till eyes unused to weep with teardrops glistened—
Till souls long darkened sought the sunshine golden,
Once more turned backward to their visions olden.
Sang—until fainting hearts for life grew stronger,
And rose to struggle on a little longer.
So on they flew, and left the darkness lighter,
Left light behind that made their pathway brighter.
Then backward came their way in sunlight winging,
An olive branch unto the watcher bringing.
Toiling and trusting the far goal grew nearer—
The darkness passed away, her sight grew clearer.
So life's rich harvest ripened slow around her,
The fruit was growing, bliss and God's peace
crowned her.
Then looking backward o'er her pathway lowly,
Saw it transfigured in the sunlight holy,
Saw with soul-sight each rugged step and briar,
Murmuring, "I thank Thee! they have led me
higher."
Death—nay, not death, though called so in our
blindness,
To her 'twas but God's crowning deed of kindness.
Some day her smile grew holier and brighter,
Some day her spirit grew a little whiter;
Her soul that budded long had upward risen
Burst into perfect blossom from its prison.
After the toil and waiting rest was given:
There was less light on earth, and more in Heaven.

MY GREAT BARGAIN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"So cheap, marm; such a bargain! real silk and worsted—looks as well in a dress as the silk tissue, and might be mistaken for grenadine! Only one shilling per yard!"

The eloquent pedler held up the flimsy fabric in the best light, and gave it an artistic whirl over his arm, that it might catch the stray beam of sunlight that fell into the room. "But isn't it a trifle narrower than such goods usually are?" I ventured to inquire.

Such a look of wounded pride as he cast at me!

"No, marm, not the tenth part of an inch! I assure you upon my honor! But even if it was it would be a monstrous cheap dress—dog cheap. Why, marm, you couldn't get up a tissue for less than twelve dollars, and here I offer you a full pattern—eighteen yards, you'll want it made with tucks—for three dollars! Only think of it!"

"Yes, I know it is very cheap, but I don't really think I need it. I have several summer dresses now, and—"

"Oh, indeed marm," put in the voluble pedler, "that is no excuse for declining such a bargain—no excuse at all. A dress will keep until it is wanted, and anything of this kind is always fashionable. It will be just the thing for next summer, and you can have it made up at your leisure."

"Yes, but I make it a rule—"

"Oh, well, but rules must be broken sometimes, you know. A handsome lady needs a great many new dresses, and pardon me if I observe that of all my beautiful customers the one before me is best fitted to adorn my goods. I shall really feel a sincere pleasure in knowing that anything my taste selected would be worn by one so charming."

The rascal was, evidently, well posted up in regard to the accessible points of the fair sex.

"Thank you for the compliment, which does not apply so closely that I need resent it." I said quietly, "but I think I will not take the dress. I can do very well without it."

"Oh, I beg you will not say that! I cannot find it in my heart to carry away a piece of goods that suits your style so well! I cannot, really! Rather than be compelled to that I will put it even cheaper—fifteen cents a yard for eighteen yards, marm."

"No, I will not take it, even at that rate. I do not need it."

"But you must have it! it was calculated expressly for you! Pink is so becoming to ladies of your fair complexion! And now look here; as it is you, and as I hope to deserve your future patronage, I will let you have it for ninepence a yard—cheaper than anything you ever heard tell of."

He had hit the mark at last. The temptation was too great for a fashionable woman with a limited purse to withstand, and the sum of two dollars twenty-five cents immediately found its way from my *port monnaie* into the pocket of the pedler.

The pink balzorine was mine—eighteen yards of it—and I had made a great bargain!

Prate of honesty and magnanimity toward our fellow men as much as we like, there is a latent love of a good bargain in the breast of every human being. When we purchase anything we like to get our money's worth, and if we happen to get a trifle more, we don't generally lose our sleep on account of it, but declare it was all luck and chance, and in

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wardly feel jubilant over that same obliging luck and chance.

My new purchase was really pretty—there was no gainsaying that—a pale gray and subdued pink, delicate as the hue of a sea-shell; and the fabric itself was shadowy as a summer cloud—ah! shadowy indeed!

I showed my great bargain to my husband when he came home to dinner. He held it up daintily between his thumb and finger, and surveyed it at arm's length, as though it were a spider's web, with the deadly tarantula yet hiding in its folds.

"It is very pretty, and *so cheap*, Edward," I said, adopting from memory the pedler's most expressive air of sincerity.

"Yes, so I should guess," was the reply, "cheap as dirt and about as serviceable, isn't it, Ellen? And permit me to caution you, dear, against going out with it in a high wind, it would positively take wings and fade into thin air."

I was vexed with Edward for his uncalled-for remarks—but then! when one shows a man a great bargain, especially if that man happens to be one's husband, not much flattering unction is generally gained. Men appreciate dry goods bargains so little!

Well, I went to the dressmaker's with my balzorine. Madame Brognere—just from Paris—held it up with a professional gesture which displayed all its virtues and graces at a glance.

"Very thin indeed; Madame will need lining, sarsnet—*blanc*—*oui*, to be sure, white sarsnet, twelve—no, thirteen yards. It is best to be always on the safe side, Madame knows?"

Hum! thirteen yards of sarsnet at thirteen cents per yard would amount to one dollar sixty-nine cents! My dress would not be so cheap, after all!

"And braid for the bottom—buttons, two dozen—sewing silk—what will you trim it with?"

Madame stopped scribbling the items with her gold pencil, and glanced up for an answer.

"Indeed, I had scarcely thought it necessary to trim so cheap a dress—"

"Vraiment! Je m' étonne!" Madame is wrong. The trimming must make up for the want of *richesse* in the material. We always trim this sort of goods lavishly. Moire antique, gimp, or fringe! which will Madame Grayburn be pleased to order? And, oh yes, lace-edging for the neck? I had forgotten, *pardon me*. Shall it be linen or wrought?"

The voluble tongue of the Frenchwoman confused me, and I did a very silly thing, as many another poor woman has done before me. I left the whole affair in Madame's efficient hands, glad to be rid of the odious duty of matching trimmings, and selecting sixpenny braids. It would be quite as well, I argued, and I should be spared the fatigue of a tour down Washington street, and as it was the middle of a very warm June, that was some consideration.

In due course of time my dress came home. It was perfectly charming—five tucks in the skirt—puffed drapery sleeves—corsage demi-high, with a delicate *berthe* trimmed with silk fringe, and edged with thread lace around the neck.

I tried it on, and was delighted to find that it became me wonderfully. The pedler was a man of discernment as well as taste. Pink fitted my style admirably,

I was just turning away from the mirror with a well-satisfied feeling at my heart, when Edward came up the steps, and a moment afterward into the chamber, where I was still admiring my bargain.

His eye glanced quickly over my person. I could see very plainly that he admired my bargain, too.

"It is pretty, Nelly," he said patronizingly, "and it suits your complexion to a T. But aha! what is this?"

He made an unceremonious dive at the sweep of the voluminous skirt, and unpinned an ominously long strip of paper which had been attached, and with a husband's customary impudence took the liberty to examine it.

When he had fairly satisfied himself as to the purport of the billet he handed it to me with an expressive

"Hew!"

It read thus:

Mrs. EDWARD GRAYBURN

To MADAME BROGNERE, Dr.

To thirteen yards sarsnet at 18 cts. yd., \$1.69
" five yards silk fringe at 20 " " 1.00
" two yards thread lace at 40 " " .80
" sewing silk, - - - - - .28
" buttons, - - - - - .30
" braid, - - - - - .08
" whalebone, - - - - - .10
" making up, - - - - - 1.50

\$5.75

I drew a long breath. So the trimmings and making of my dress had cost three dollars and fifty cents more than the material itself:

and the whole expense of the great bargain was eight dollars.

I fully expected that Edward would scold, or, at least, read me a lecture on extravagance and vanity, but the model man did no such thing. He took out his pocket-book, gave me a five and two on the Bunker Hill Bank, and quietly remarked—

"There, Nelly, settle Madame's bill at the earliest opportunity, and the remainder you can keep to pay you for your disappointment in not having made a bargain, after all."

Edward laughed in my face—the uncourteous fellow—but I gave him a kiss for his impertinence, and the next day Madame Brognere's receipt was lodged in my pocket.

The fourth of July arrived, and, as usual, there was a grand parade of military on the Common.

Dr. Lindsay and Mr. Peale, two college friends of my husband, were stopping at the Revere for a few days, and were to join us on the Common. I had never seen these gentlemen, but I knew them by Edward's frequent descriptions—Lindsay as a wealthy, fastidious Southerner, and Peale as an honest, matter-of-fact fellow, bound to make his way in this world even without genius.

Dr. Lindsay was a connoisseur of much importance in the fine arts of female dress and beauty, and, naturally, Edward felt some little solicitude concerning his wife's first appearance before this eighth wonder of the world.

I shared my husband's feeling sufficiently to wear my most becoming dress—which was none other than the famous balzorine; and when I was attired in it, with the addition of point lace sleeves, and a gold clasped girdle, I must have the vanity to remark in private to the reader, that I was by no means the plainest woman in Boston.

After all, I thought, I hadn't come far from making a bargain, for my dress was lovely, and did not cost so much—as it might.

The crowd in the streets was immense, and Edward hurried me up to the Beacon street entrance as though his life depended on reaching the Common at a given time. Strange that men are always in a hurry.

We had just arrived at the grand centre of attraction, when something impeded my further progress. I turned, and beheld a tall, red-nosed man, with an immense pair of whiskers, standing on the skirt of my dress. I politely admonished him of his offence—he stared, muttered out an apology, and with a blundering shuffle succeeded in removing the

obtrusive member; but, in the effort, he had torn the skirt of my balzorine across two whole breadths, just above the upper tuck!

I was horrified, but Edward came to the rescue with a supply of pins, which he always carries about him—one of his unforgetten bachelor habits—and I was put in tolerable order, as the rent was up too high to be noticed below the sweep of my ample Raglan.

Presently Edward's friends joined us, and the long-expected presentation took place. Dr. Lindsay's fine eyes took in every detail of my toilet at a glance; and I had no difficulty in guessing that he was pleased with the appearance of his friend's wife.

The crowd became denser—and the clouds blew up black and heavy, threatening rain. Edward proposed that we should go home, and invited the Doctor and Mr. Peale to dine with us.

We had some little distance to walk before reaching an omnibus, and the rain overtook us before half the distance was passed. Edward stepped into a shop and purchased an umbrella, but every one knows that there has never yet been an umbrella manufactured that will protect a full crinolined lady, and her escort, entirely. Before we reached the stand of the P— street omnibus we were thoroughly wet.

Edward, from time to time, cast curious glances at the skirt of my dress, and at last my eyes followed the often traveled direction of his. I did not wonder at his inquiry.

"Why Nelly, what has become of the skirt of your dress?"

It was a simple question enough, but one that I could not answer. I wondered about it myself. The sarsnet was there—exceedingly prominent—but the pink balzorine was beautifully less, and growing more so every moment. Edward suggested the cause.

"It is of two kinds of material, and the rain is shrinking it, Nelly. But, never mind, dear, it can't shrink much further—it is within four inches of the waist now! So, take courage, child!"

Oh, dear! dear! dear! My bargain! my great bargain! Where was it? Fading into air, thin air! I could have wept, from mortified sensibility and wounded pride!

We were at the omnibus stand at last. The vehicle was crowded, as such conveyances always are, but still there was room for more. We got in, and were obliged to stand all the way to P— street, jostled and thumped unmercifully by the stress of the eager crowd already within its shelter.

Our habitation was in sight. Edward pulled the strap, and the clumsy equipage drew up to the curbstone.

Dr. Lindsay and Mr. Peale were there before us, and, on perceiving our arrival, the Doctor came gallantly down the walk to assist me out.

I appreciated his politeness, and would have been glad to have made an *au fait* descent, but my unfortunate dress sadly impeded my locomotive powers. I gave a spring forward—meant for a very graceful one—for Dr. Lindsay admired grace of motion—but, alas! my foot caught in the disgusting balzorine—I blundered, stumbled, and sprawled directly into the dignified Doctor's face and eyes—and he was obliged to put up both hands to keep me off, and thereby prevent himself from being overwhelmed. I should have landed on the pavement but for Mr. Peale, who, seeing the condition of affairs, came bravely to the field, like a true hero, and received me in his sturdy arms.

I flew up to my chamber, mortified and vexed. I could have cried heartily, if thereby good might have come. I had a very unpleasant consciousness that I had smashed Dr. Lindsay's watch crystal, for I had certainly heard the crack of breaking glass during my close encounter with him. And how must I have appeared to the elegant, aesthetic gentleman, in that horrible dress, dirty, disordered, and dropping to pieces? How, indeed!

I went to the full-length pier glass, and took a survey of myself. The view was anything but flattering to my vanity. The balzorine had shrunk more than one-third, and there was a flounce of sarsnet hovering forlornly above my embroidered cambric skirt, like a torn banner above a conquered city! Moreover, the flimsy material of my dress was rubbed entirely off in several places, by the rough handling it had received on board the omnibus.

I took it off and hung it up in a dark closet, and attired myself with a sigh of satisfaction in a stout brown silk. I felt morally sure of the safety of that.

Dr. Lindsay never allowed me to think that he even noticed my ungraceful *personelle* on that memorable afternoon, but I know that he did, for whenever I enter the room where he is, he unconsciously draws back, as though he expected a repetition of the former onslaught.

And in that dark closet the pink balzorine hangs continually, to remind me that it is never well to purchase any article that you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and to

teach me that it is better to have one good, durable garment, than a dozen inferior affairs, that a breath of wind will destroy, or the touch of a finger annihilate.

UNCLE NED.

BY ELIZABETH.

"THERE now! you just put that thing where it belongs—strange you can't let things be!—It is the strangest thing in the world you can't learn how to behave. Stop your noise! shut that door! sit down in that chair, and don't you get out of it till I tell you. You go in that bed-room, and don't let me see your face again very soon. Go to bed now, and see if you can be still long enough to go to sleep. It is clatter, clatter, from morning to night. Such children as we have got, nobody ever had before."

This is the way Uncle Ned used to talk to the little ones who called him father. They never seemed to think any strange thing had happened, when such tones as these fell upon their sensitive ears; but the little things would slip away out of sight, with their bright young spirits all crushed. But a child's heart is elastic, and a new play would soon start off, then the hard words would come again, although they were trying to go on tip-toe, for fear of disturbing 'pa.'

"There, you, at it again! I say, you stop that noise!"

When the warm spring-time came, how it brought joy into those little hearts! Then they could run about the yard, climb trees, and hunt hens' eggs with comparatively little fear of "disturbing 'pa.'" To be sure, if he caught the sound of their glad voices above the usual tone, he was very likely to wheel his great chair to the door, and cry out, "What's all this racket for? you'll disturb the neighbors"—or, "you go away from that tree, and don't walk so near the border."

But, when his voice died away, the little feet would carry the laughing hearts of Uncle Ned's, "What ye up to now," &c. If the children did clatter from morning till night, I used to think, what did he do but scold the whole of that time.

I look away back, as far as memory carries me almost, and I seem to see the feeble man, as he sat in his great arm-chair, from sunrise to sunset, without doing a solitary thing but read his paper, chew tobacco, and fret. Child as I was then, when I remember now the old-time visits at that uncle's house, I think involunta-

rily, "I'd like to go and see Jenny, only he'll sold us so, if we happen to speak above our breath." Then I remember I am a grown woman, and that poor Uncle Ned with all his failings has passed away, and a softening feeling comes over my spirit, for here I often have to sit, as Uncle Ned used to do, a poor feeble body, in the same old arm-chair he used to occupy—and my heart goes back to his heart in sympathy, and I can realize, with the experience that years give me, how hard it must have been for his sensitive nerves to bear the slightest noise.

But, hard and unkind as Uncle Ned always seemed, there was a soft place in his heart, and a way to it, too. He had his good qualities, as most of us have, I believe; but it was seldom, so very seldom we saw the lovely side of his character, that the unpleasant impression his harsh ways made in our hearts, was always uppermost, when we thought of him.

I can remember when his dear little Nellie died, how sad and still the tears fell from his pale cheeks upon her marble face. Ah, yes, there was a "door to his heart," and Nellie had opened and entered it. She would sit in his lap, when he permitted her, and with her gentle, loving look, she would say,

" You do love me, 'pa, don't you? you are my dear 'pa, and I love you;" and when his pet child was taken from him, there was such a sad, cheerless look about him, as though all the chambers of his heart were left desolate indeed. The loving sunshine of her angel presence was withdrawn, and a long dark night covered his days. Then was the time for those who were left to make up to him for Nellie's loss, but we had not her key—her loving ways we had not learned, else, like her, we might have passed through the then open door to his heart—and a cold, chilling reserve followed, which we dared not penetrate. For all this, Uncle Ned was in fault, as were those about him also. Each one had an influence over the other, which might have produced very different results.

Had it not been for the opposite teaching which the mother of those children gave them, we cannot say where they would be now. When the smarting blow of harsh words fell upon their tender hearts, she felt like instinctively gathering them to her bosom, to save them from the blight and scars which time could scarcely efface; but, like a true, wise mother, she taught them to respect their father—to bear all the chafing and battling of this life with Christian heroism.

It is very probable that Uncle Ned owed his unhappy disposition in part to those who had the training of him. How very important it is, then, for those who have the care of children, to teach them to be kind and gentle in their feelings and in their manner to others, and not to fear giving expression to loving words. We all desire to be loved, and to be treated as though we were loved: this desire seems to be a part of our nature; we see it in the little child, and it clings to us when we grow old. We do not like to be repelled by harsh, unloving tones; then we should cultivate the gentle, the forbearing, the loving. Wise King Solomon says: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred thereof." I hope parents may remember this; I hope children may feel its heavenly influence all about them; and that we, all together, may be drawn to "God, who is love."

" Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life, as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently!—'Tis a gentle thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

NO. IX.

SHE was so pretty, Anoret Lee! The poor sometimes sigh, when a stray waif from the unseen world is wasted to them, journalizing the beautiful pictures that adorn the lordly palaces of the rich; but, if they would only open their mental and sight-seeing eyes, and daguerreotype on their souls the enchanting views nature gives to them almost daily, that no pencil can copy, or pen portray, they would have a panorama which would never fade, or cease to give pleasure, till memory wrote her last page, and sealed the book for time.

Such a picture Anoret Lee gave to me. On one of the brightest days of June, I had been expecting and watching for her, but just at night a friend called, and wished to see a plant in my garden, and I threw on a veil, and passed out through the back yard, to point it out to her, forgetful of my expected guest. It seemed to have a strange attraction for her, for it was sent me from a distant State, where her only son resided, and she lingered over it, and we insensibly glided into a long conversation about him, who alone gave to her the sweet

name of mother. Suddenly I thought of Anoret, and plucking a tuft of flowers, bedded in broad green leaves, for my friend, which she clasped as tenderly as if caressing the fingers of her long-absent son, we returned to the house. Our lips were mute, for the froth of thought had worked off in words, and left but the deep, silent undercurrent of feeling, and our footsteps fell on the soft sward light as the tossing snow-flake; so not a sound came to disturb the beautiful picture till I could gather it in all its blending of light and shade, a gem for life in rare embossing.

Our house stood on an eminence facing the west, and a broad hall, with folding-doors at each end, divided it in the centre, and a rose-vine, clustering over a lattice, shaded the front entrance; one long, trailing branch, hung loosely from the trellis, and there, just back of it, stood Anoret, with the roses and green leaves of the vine lying against her pure muslin dress, and a necklace of the same almost clasping her soft, fair neck. The gorgeous sunset sky, rich with hues of vermeil and gold, formed the background, and threw out the clear white of her forehead and rosy tint of her cheeks, with its drapery of long dark curls in beautiful relief. A moment later our footsteps in the hall startled her from her reverie, and she was clasped in my arms, for she was the child of a dear classmate whom I had never met since our paths parted in girlhood years, and I was ready to give the daughter all the love hoarded for the mother, and take her to my heart, though before unseen. She was a merry, laughing girl, with a fund of good humor and variety, and her thoughts shadowed forth by words ever reminded me of a fountain throwing up its waters, shifting, dazzling, sparkling in the sunshine, ever changing, thus giving endless pleasure to the mind. I found her just the associate I needed to mix in with the heavier calibre of my surrounding companions, and lighten up the care and burdens of my life till they took invisible wings and flew daily past with marvelous speed.

Others, too, found her welcome to their hearts, and she soon was unseekingly placed in that most trying position—a stranger amid strangers, becoming in a few weeks a general favorite, and receiving the delicate flattery of copyings of actions and words from imitators, adulations and compliments at first unsparingly bestowed by her own sex, and then more grudgingly, as they saw the gentlemen were following their example, and freely giving what they never could win with unwearying en-

deavors. It could not last. The soil was becoming deep and rich for envy, and it sprang up hydra-headed, and sent out a deadly miasma, blighting friendship, constancy, and truthfulness.

One night Anoret came in from a sail on the lake, with a slow step and quivering lip, and leaning her head on my encircling arm burst into tears. She could hardly tell why she was so sad; some of the girls acted distantly, a few rudely, and she was sure when one of the favorite beaux twined a wreath of water lilies and threw it over her shoulders, she detected a sneer on Syby Stacy's face. It was the old story; they had throned their queen, and, jealous of her homage, were trying to hurl her to the dust. Anoret, free, unsuspecting, acting out the pure influences of her heart, often stepped out of the path worldly wisdom marks out, and the covert whisper of the designing, and shrug and taunt of the deceitful, and the coldness and averted glance of the multitude who have not strength of mind to act out what they know is right, soon left the poor girl almost companionless. Bold and firm, I tried to confront her enemies, but who they were, what had made them so, and wherein she had erred, was all an intangible mass, and weary, at last, with trying to battle with what was nonentity to me, I gave up the contest, thinking that time, which so often rights what no one else can, perhaps would make this straight. Anoret, who had lived her life amid the smiles and sunshine, drooped and pined beneath its frowns. The tears washed the roses from her cheeks, and the soft roundness of her form became sharp and angular, even as the smooth bank of snow drifts into roughness beneath the fierce, pitiless blast.

When the first snow of winter was spread out white and even in November, almost as white lay Anoret on my pillow in a darkened room, her mother and myself alternate watchers. In the long, silent night, when all was still except her low, heavy breathings, and the solemn ticking of the clock, two pictures would rise up before me—one, Anoret full of happiness and beauty, with a drapery of roses and sunset dyes; and the other Anoret, pale and still, apparently preparing for the grave—and I would close my eyes to shut out the vision, and pray, "Father, give me grace to say forgive them, even as thou forgavest those that took thy life." A manly step was added to the sick room, and a faint smile came back to her thin lips, and we blessed God for human love, that seemed almost potent to bring back life. She came

from that darkened chamber a woman strong to bear and suffer, and, stronger still, to act out the pure influences of her noble soul, though it led her through, to outward sight, a lonely path, with only now and then a kindred soul, yet peopled thick with guardian angels, and we gave to her a double love, but as we missed the ringing laugh unchorded with sorrow, that ever sent cheerfulness down into our care-laden hearts, and the hopeful, beaming face, that dispelled all clouds, as the thin rift in the darkened sky lets through the beams that irradiate the whole world with light, we bitterly questioned—O envy, jealousy, how long must the brightest, rarest, most needed flowers of earth be scorched by thy breath, and our homes, which might be very Edens, become bleak deserts of Sahara, because thy simooms must wither our most lovely plants, which God seemingly transplanted from his own gardens above?

Berea, Ohio.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was less than a week after our visit to the sea shore, one afternoon among the early heats of August, that I was unusually startled by a sudden summons of the door-bell. I reflected, in some trepidation, that there was no one but myself to answer it, for Aunt Abbie had lain down with one of her headaches, and Debby (our only domestic) was at the bottom of the long garden gathering currants for tea.

I was in the kitchen, just removing a card of sponge cake from the oven, which I had promised aunty I would attend to before she went up stairs. I had on a loose white wrapper, with no collar, and relieved only by a string of black jet beads, with a small gold cross, which I was fond of wearing, because Alfred used to admire them when we were little children together.

I had not disturbed my hair since early morning, but its arrangement was a very simple matter at all times; so I quickly smoothed the front with my hands, at the mirror, saying to myself—"I wont mind; it's probably some pedler or a neighbor to see aunty," and I hurried to the door.

I was disconcerted for a moment—only one—for somehow that fair, haughty face at the gentleman's side, had at once the effect of restoring my self-possession; and when Mr.

Allyn said to me, in his graceful, courtly way, "My sister and I have done ourselves the honor of making you a neighborly call this afternoon, Miss English," I invited them to walk in without any visible palpitations, at least.

Well, we went into our little cottage parlor together, and I did not find it a difficult task to entertain my fashionable guests, or to undergo the scrutiny of Maude Allyn's brilliant eyes.

We fell at once into an easy flow of talk about the scenery, the weather, and other conversational topics, and at last, in a pause of these, I said to my guests, "I disapprove of apologies generally, as much as I do of compliments, but I must break my rule to tell you, had I known you were to call on us this afternoon, I should have presented myself in something a little more appropriate for a hostess; but my excuse is that I came from the kitchen to the parlor, and ladies who are compelled to do the honors of both should be allowed some extra consideration."

I think I took a little wicked pleasure in saying this, after what Lou had told me of Miss Allyn's aristocratic predilections.

"If it had been necessary we would have allowed you extra consideration on other grounds," was the lady's courteous reply.

I am not quick in detecting the subtle aromas of flattery, and though a very bright smile accompanied these words, I was not certain whether they concealed compliment or satire, so I asked, very simply, "On what grounds, pray?"

"Authoresses are expected to have matters of more importance on hand than their toilets."

"Oh," I said, laughing, "I didn't present my claims to your charity on any basis so slippery as a literary one; my apology had a solid culinary foundation."

I forgot what reply was made to this, but I know that it somehow turned the current of our desultory conversation into another channel—that of books—and here I became interested, for Henry Allyn was a large appreciative reader, and he had conversational talents of a high order. I was absorbed, fascinated, and I think his sister must have read something of my pleasure in my face, for at last she interposed, tapping the carpet with the point of her ivory parasol, "I am rejoiced to find that Henry has at last found somebody to sympathize with him in his literary tastes." He is a regular book-worm, Miss English, and bores me out of all manner of patience."

"That is unfair, Maude, after the long doses

of music which I've taken daily, and the eloquent praises I've bestowed on your new chair embroidery."

"But you were amply repaid; for I have taken two severe colds riding down to the shore to see the sunset, and yesterday morning I was actually enticed to take a walk before sunrise."

The lady's look and shiver were irresistibly comical; but after our laugh had subsided she turned to me, saying, "I do wish, Miss English, you would take this romantic brother of mine off my hands. Are you fond of rides and rambles at the most inconvenient, provoking times, and in all romantic, out-of-the-way places?"

"Very, though I have some regard for my neck, and a decided dread of influenzas."

"Oh, if you will allow me the pleasure I'll insure the safety of one and a certain escape from the other," interposed Mr. Allyn. "Do you ride horseback, Miss English?"

"I did with my father, when I was a little girl, but I have no equestrian accomplishments."

"I wish you would allow me to judge. I have just been buying a Canadian pony, the gentlest, surest-footed little creature imaginable. Can't I prevail on you to try her?"

My imagination caught at this invitation at once, for horseback riding was with me a passion, an intoxication. The very thought of a wild gallop over the hills, the soft, swift motion stirring and tingling every pulse, with the gracious sky above and the loving earth below, was like an elixir to me, and something of my feelings must have leaped into my face as I answered Mr. Allyn—"I don't think you will find it very difficult to do so."

"Well, then, suppose we try a ride to Pond Rock to-morrow, if the weather be fine as to-day?"

So it was all settled, and Maude Allyn protested that she should be under life-long obligations to me for taking her brother off her hands; and her invitation to the Hill House, at the close of a somewhat protracted call, was a graceful and cordial one.

But after all, I was not drawn to Maude Allyn. I liked her grace, her beauty, her brilliancy of conversation, but I felt there were deep antagonisms in her nature. She was not a loving, large-souled woman—not one to whom, in any weakness or sorrow which had fallen on me, I could have gone, certain of tender, healing sympathies, and appreciation. There was a self-consciousness about her which

one felt rather than perceived, for she was cultivated and refined, more, however, in the outward than inward sense.

But all this feeling vanished with her brother. Henry Allyn was a gentleman in a far broader and deeper spirit than his sister was a gentlewoman. He was a generous, true-hearted man, with elegant scholarly tastes, an appreciation of all things good, and true, and beautiful in nature, in art, and in human life. His habits were a little indolent, and I think he had cultivated the aesthetic part of his nature until it was a little disproportioned, and he had a tendency to extreme fastidiousness. But this was partly the result of circumstances, and there was so much to admire and love in the man that one would scarcely be apt to blame what, after all, rendered him more attractive—for this Henry Allyn was to all women. His fine tastes, his courteous, half-reverential bearing to women, which was, to a large degree, the outward expression of inward chivalry, his fascinating conversational powers, would have made him a favorite with our sex without the additional possession of a tall, fine figure, and a fine, delicate, yet manly face.

Of course, I could not have so closely analyzed the gentleman's character after one brief interview with him, but my first impressions of the man were confirmed by our subsequent acquaintance.

That ride to Pond Rock was the inaugural rite of a new life to me. Even now the memory of that first sense of freedom, as I mounted the beautiful pony, and we turned down the road to the old mill, steals over my senses.

I was, by no means, an accomplished equestrienne, but I was a fearless one, and my companion was a perfect rider. The day was as beautiful as a ripe August day, with a soft, loitering breeze from the sea, could be. The scenery was a long chasm, with its intervals of meadow and hill, of woodland and mountain; and something of my youth came back to me, I mean the joyous flush and blossom of youth, away in the old home at Woodsidge, before cares had eaten and burdens had crushed the springs of my life.

We reached the pond after three hours of rapid riding. Its clear, crystal waters, shut in a gray bowl of granite rock; but the rock was enameled with beryl moss, and young birches made a dark green fringe about it.

We alighted here, and sitting under the trees, Henry Allyn read to me; he had one of those voices which I had always admired, rich, deep, vibrative, and the beautiful poems flowed

from his lips into the still air with a new melody and completeness.

"Oh, do go on," I exclaimed, as he closed the book with a smile, while we sat under the shade of the birches, and the rhythm of the poems were still flowing to and fro in my thoughts.

"No; I desire that something better than even these sweet poems should talk to you now."

"What is it?"

"The picture of these woods and hills, with this little pond shut up like a great pearl betwixt them."

We rose up and wandered along the banks—not speaking often to each other, for the stillness and beauty filled my heart almost to pain. My companion understood the feeling, and sympathized with it; his tones had a hush in them, for he, too, was a worshiper in the grand cathedral of nature.

"Tea is all ready," said Aunt Abbie, as she presented herself at the front door on our return, her face wearing a satisfied smile, which I supposed inspired by the thought of my ride, and the pleasure it had afforded me.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Allyn? I'm sure my ride must have given you an appetite for homemade biscuit and cake, and I defy any French baker to rival Aunt Abbie's."

"Thank you, Miss Constance. I have no doubt but the biscuit and the cake deserve your encomiums, but—" he paused a moment, and patted the neck of his horse meditatively.

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Allyn." It was Lou's voice said this, as she bounded out of the front door and up to the gentleman's side, with the liberty of an old acquaintance.

"Why do you ask me, my child?" he said, stroking the golden hair of that restless head.

"Partly because I want you, and partly because—"

"Well, speak out."

"You look just as if you wanted to."

We all laughed heartily at Lou's abruptness, but the gentleman patted her on the cheek in the most cordial fashion. "That is a fact," he said, "I do want to take tea with you."

"Take care, Constance," exclaimed Aunt Abbie, as I came up the walk; but I had caught the glimpse of a bright face over her shoulder, and did not heed the caution—a face which explained the smile she had worn when I entered the gate.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" and I sprang toward him, unmindful of our guest.

He was just seventeen. He had returned

from a six months' absence at school, where he had been teaching and studying.

"I didn't intend to peep over aunty's shoulder, sis," laughed the boy, as he came forward and drew me to him, "but my eyes were hungry for a glimpse of your face."

So were mine, but they didn't get the glimpse then for the tears that blurred them.

CHAPTER IX.

There is no need that I should dwell upon my growing acquaintance with Henry Allyn, neither was it marked by any occurrences which could give it especial interest or value to another, though it flushed my life all over with new brightness and hope, and filled its silence with a song of new sweetness and exultation.

The young man's visits soon grew to be a daily expectation. In the whole wide range of our tastes we harmonized wonderfully, and the great open pages of nature, as their wondrous reading rose from the silvery idyl of summer into the tragedy of autumn, was ever before our eyes; and we read the pages day by day—read them in quiet sails on the river, and in stirring horseback rides and pleasant sunset drives—read them in rambles in the woods and among the lanes and old grass-grown country roads, and our hearts grew stronger, and drew closer together while we read.

Then we had books and music as the year began to whisper of her shortening life by her lengthening evenings, as though that shadow of death at her heart crept up and flung its silence and darkness across her days; and we went out together in thought into the world of men—into real and ideal life; we wandered into foreign countries, and here my companion brought me rich and varied stores of knowledge from his observation and experience, for he had lived what I had only read. There was much to learn from the lips of one who had observed the civilization of all the prominent nations of the earth, and knew something of the bearing their political, social, religious, and domestic life had had in developing this. My whole being was stirred with new enthusiasm and interest in life; and there came floating in between these conversations the silvery falling of some poem that had made immortality for its author; or Grace came to the piano, and some sweet air throbbed out from her fingers and warbled up and down our hearts.

There was not the faintest jar in the acquaintance of Henry Allyn and myself, for, as I have said, our tastes harmonized perfectly.

It is true that I *felt* a lurking element in his

character, in his conversation, in his heart, which I did not then realize, which I could in no wise have defined in words; but it was the lacking of true evangelical religion—of an experience which had revolutionized, renewed, sublimated his life. This had never been pervaded by a Christian experience. The story of that one perfect life, which sheds its light across the long tide of eighteen centuries, had touched the heart of Henry Allyn and won his reverence, but it had not fused and absorbed his soul.

The faith that makes men martyrs, the charity that forgives, and endures, and is patient—the love that makes of life a consecration, and fires the heart with holy zeal, were all a mystery to him. Still, he was always the high-minded, honorable gentleman, full of kindly impulses, sensitively alive to all that was kind, and good, and beautiful, in nations and individuals, quickly responsive to noble sentiments and acts, enthusiastic in his love of art and his worship of nature.

It was three months since we had taken our first ride together—three months which had been like a sudden outblossoming of the tree of my life—when Henry Allyn and I sat together in the sitting-room by the south window.

This was my favorite seat, because it had a dainty bit of a sea-view, and this afternoon the window was open, and the golden glory of the Indian Summer was over the earth and waters. Soft swells of wind came loitering up from the sea, and shook the leaves which still hung in red and yellow fringes on the trees.

We had been holding a long, earnest discussion on modern poetry, and the real advance of the nineteenth century in moral, aesthetic, and intellectual truth; and I closed with these words:

"But, after all, I suppose what Bayne says in his critique on Mrs. Browning is true, that 'the brightest year that ever swept in kindly change of seasons over the earth, saw enough of individual distress, to drive a man, were it presented to his imagination with vivid poetic power, raving mad.'

"So long as sin walks the earth, so long must its dark shadow, sorrow, fall on human hearts, and blight human lives! 'Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord. But there is no peace to the wicked!'"

Henry Allyn did not answer; he sat still, opening and shutting my scissors, unconsciously, for he had possessed himself of these during the conversation.

At last I put out my hand. "My scissors, if you please; I must finish hemming this handkerchief of Edward's before tea."

He let the handkerchief go, and he held the scissors firmly in one hand and my fingers in the other, and then he looked steadily in my face.

"Well, what are you thinking about me?" We had grown very familiar by this time.

"That you are a strange girl, Constance—the strangest girl I ever saw."

"Aunty would quite agree with you, only she would conclude the remark with a lugubrious shake of the head."

He had put down the scissors now; I was stroking my fingers. "Oh, how did that happen?" noticing a long half-healed wound on my thumb.

"I was cutting dried beef for tea night before last, and the knife glanced off and cut my thumb."

I think I was glad at this moment, to give the conversation a practical turn, for I had an intuition of what was coming; and though I knew the words would be sweet and precious to my heart, they gave me a sudden tremulousness and agitation, which made me glad to waive them off for a moment.

Henry Allyn and I had never spoken of love; but, though there had been no explicitness betwixt us, each felt sure of the other's regard; and perhaps the silence on this point, gave our feelings a new mystery and deliciousness. But I was certain the time had come now, by the look in Henry Allyn's eyes, by the handsome flushed face he put down to me.

"Constance"—Grace opened the door suddenly, "do come here, please, if Mr. Allyn will excuse you ten minutes. Debby's just had a message that her brother has fallen from a building, and broken his arm, and she snatched her bonnet and ran. So, you'll have to set the table."

Aunt Abbie had gone to pass a couple of days with an old schoolmate, about twenty miles off, and Abby's absence of course made the domestic duties devolve on us.

"I'm coming out to cut the beef this time," laughed Henry Allyn, as he followed me into the kitchen. We had a hilarious time getting supper that night. Grace made the tea, Lou cut the bread and cake, while I set the table.

In the midst of all this, Edward came in with some fine trout, which he had caught in the river. His look of surprise was comical enough, as he first caught sight of Henry Allyn, who was slicing the beef at the kitchen table.

Edward was as unlike his dead brother as possible; he had the bright, quick, vehement temperament of Louise; he was full of life and frolic as she was.

"What is to pay now?" as soon as the burst of laughter, which greeted his look of stolid amazement, subsided.

"It means that nobody can have supper under this roof to-night, who hasn't earned it;" and Lou danced up to her brother.

He pulled her golden hair: "Well, get me the gridiron, and I'll set these trout broiling in a hurry."

"Oh, Edward, you don't know anything about it!" interposed Grace.

"Yes, I do; I took lessons long ago, when I was a boy, and used to go fishing."

"When I was a boy!" Oh, Edward, you make me feel very old!" I said, distributing the napkins around the table. I did not hear Edward's reply, for just then I caught snatches of a conversation that was going on betwixt Louise and our guest.

"What would your sister Maude say now, to see you cutting our dried beef?"

"What's put that into your head, Pussy?"

"Oh, she's so aristocratic, you know; she'd be terribly shocked—now, wouldn't she?"

"Quite likely, but I guess that I should be able to survive it," laughed the young man.

"Mr. Allyn, let me have the plate of beef now;" and I came forward to stop the loquacious little tongue at his right side.

After tea, we all went into the sitting-room, and Grace and Lou sang and played for us."

"They are pretty girls, Constance," whispered Henry Allyn in my ear, as we sat together on the sofa, and watched the brown-golden and golden-brown hair.

"Grace," the speaker went on, "always reminds me of Lucy Evans, when she sits at the piano."

"Who is Lucy Evans?"

"Have you never heard me speak of her? Her father and my own are old friends, and were for several years engaged in mining speculations together; Lucy and Maude are warm friends, though two more unlike could scarcely be imagined."

Just then, the girls struck up a march, and absorbed our attention.

After the music was over, Henry Allyn said to me: "There is a young moon, and the night is beautiful as a dream. Get your bonnet, and let us go out, Constance."

We had just reached the garden-gate, when there came a message from Harry's father; he

had returned from New York, and Mr. Evans and his daughter accompanied him.

The young man gnawed his lip with vexation. "It is too bad—too bad, Constance; but I wont do to neglect father and his old friends. I wanted to have a long talk with you to-night."

"Well, there are other nights, you know; and I shant allow you to stay here a moment longer," giving him my hand.

He took it one moment, gazed from it into my face long and tenderly, and we parted.

CHAPTER X.

Three days had passed, during which I had not seen Henry Allyn, and only received a brief note from him, stating that he had gone with his family and their guests, to visit his aunt at Monkhead, a village twenty miles at the East. The visit, the writer affirmed, was an immense bore to him, as it took him from the society that had become like sunshine or music to him—anything that was a daily need and rejoicing.

"Got the blues, Con?"

It was Edward's voice asked this question, and Edward's arm which stole around my waist, as I stood at the window, watching the night come down, and the clouds cover the face of the sky.

"No, my dear boy, not a bit. I haven't so much as shaken hands with them of late."

"Well, what in the world do you stay off here in the dark for, listening to the wind like a solemn owl?"

"Oh, because I like the source of it. It's from the east, and it'll rain to-morrow, I know, by the way it means about the house."

"There, now; you have just thrown a wet cloth on my tramp to Birch Neck. But, see here, Con, we want you to read to us, for we're going to have a real old-fashioned evening. I'm to crack walnuts, and the girls are busy over their sacks. Say you'll come now, like a good sister."

"I'll come, Edward," slipping my fingers into his hair.

At this moment, the bell rang.

"There!" in a voice of great chagrin, "I bet five dollars that's Mr. Allyn again, just in time to spoil all the fun; I wish he'd keep himself at home."

But the ebullition of disappointment was over with the words, and Edward started for the front door.

What a wild, troubled, frightened look the clouds had, as they hurried in gray and black

companies over the sky! The cry of the wind, the far-off moan of the sea, were all in harmony with the face of the night.

I remember that I was thinking of this, when Edward returned. "Constance," he said, in a voice of surprise, "don't you think old Judge Allyn is in the parlor, and wishes to have a private interview with you. What can have brought him up here to-night?"

"With me?" There came a chill over my heart, as I rose up—perhaps it was a prophesy. But I do not think there was any flutter in my voice or manner, as I entered the parlor that night.

Judge Allyn rose up from the arm-chair into which he had thrown himself, and came forward in a hasty, almost abrupt manner, only he was a habitual gentleman, and an air of stately courtesy characterized him in every movement.

It struck me very forcibly at the time, that I had never met so fine a looking old man. The gray head, the strong, clear, kindly features, the tall, dignified figure, with the impressive manner, altogether inspired a certain kind of awe and reverence; and then, Judge Allyn was the great man of Beachwood, and no one is altogether free from the influence of social association and position.

The old gentleman took my hand, and looked in my face with his steady, searching gray eyes. I thought there was more than curiosity in them, anxiety and pain.

"You are Miss Constance English?" he asked.

"I am she, sir. Will you resume your seat, Judge Allyn?"

"In a moment, my child. I am an old man; and I have come to say that to you to-night, which no human being has ever heard before. May I close this door?"

I gave him a practical affirmative, and then he offered me a seat, and took another at my side. Then he buried his face in his hands a moment, and I could see he controlled himself by a strong effort. The silence and the old man's evident agitation, oppressed, frightened me.

"Oh, sir, what is the matter?" I almost involuntarily gasped out. I was sure he had some painful tidings for me; and, of course, I at once associated those with his son.

Judge Allyn lifted up his face, and it was very white. "Yes, I will tell you," he said, "though it comes very hard. Miss English, my son has been in the habit of visiting you frequently this summer?"

I bowed: for my heart leaped into my throat, as the blood did into my cheeks.

"And, Miss English, my son loves you!"

"He has never told me so."

"But he has me."

I think that, through the bewilderment and suffering of that time, there flashed a sudden joy at the old man's words, which illuminated my face; for Judge Allyn groaned out sharply, "It is just as I feared!" groaned it out, as though he were pronouncing his own death-sentence.

"Oh, sir, tell me what you mean?"

He drew his chair down close to mine, and took my hand in his.

"My boy has told me all about you, and if he had not described you as the tenderest, and gentlest, and noblest of women, I should not have dared come here to night on this errand; and yet, it rests with you, my child, to save the heart of Harry's mother from breaking, and my own gray hairs from dishonor."

"With me—with me, Judge Allyn!" I faltered; "oh, isn't this all a dream?" and I swept my hand over my eyes as one does awaking from a nightmare.

"Would to God it were!" murmured the old man.

And then, with another great effort, he controlled himself again, and bade me listen earnestly to every word he said, though there was no need of that, for it seemed that every faculty of my being was strained to its utmost tension.

So I sat and listened to Judge Allyn's story. The wind rose from its fearful moan into a wild howl, the light flickered to and fro on the table, and the gray locks of the old man shone like flakes of newly-fallen snow as I sat there, and heard a story which was a secret to the wife of his youth and to the children of his old age.

"Perhaps you have heard Harry speak of an old friend of ours, a Mr. Evans, who is visiting at our house with his daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

And then Judge Allyn went on to tell me, briefly, what I knew before—that he and Mr. Evans had been a number of years engaged in speculations in coal mines at the West, and the judge had become largely involved at that time.

Mr. Evans was a widower, and his wife and Mrs. Allyn had been intimate friends in their youth; and after the death of Lucy's mother the little girl passed a couple of years at Judge Allyn's home, and there had always a strong intimacy existed betwixt the young girl and Maude Allyn.

Mr. Evans was a stern, rigid man, whose

heart seemed to hold only one fountain of tenderness, and that was his love for his daughter. She was like her mother, a fair, gentle, delicate creature, and the rich old banker had lavished luxury and tenderness enough upon her to have sufficed for a dozen daughters.

"I must be brief now," said the old man, speaking in a quick, strained voice, as though the words tortured him; "but I have the best of reasons for supposing that Lucy Evans is attached to my son. They have always been intimate, and Mr. Evans and myself have believed that one day our children would be united to each other, for Harry is a favorite with him."

"And I stand in the way of that union?" beginning to see the drift of all this.

"It was not until last night that I suspected it," said the old man, avoiding a direct answer to my question, "but I had an interview with Harry, and he frankly avowed his affection for you, and his intention, if possible, to win you. I need not tell you that he loves you with the tenderest and truest love, and that no efforts of mine could swerve him from his purpose. It all rests with you."

"And Lucy Evans is an heiress, and I am—not—therefore you disapprove of your son's choice?"

I think the scorn that I felt must have flamed over my face as I asked the question.

"Miss English," and the proud old judge spoke with appealing humility which softened my heart at once, "a number of years ago I was in serious pecuniary difficulty, and I took some advantage of Mr. Evans' name, which, were it known now, must result in my ruin. He, himself, is not aware of it, but in a little while the fact will inevitably be disclosed to him, and I am well enough acquainted with the man to know that only as the father of him whom his daughter loves will he show me any mercy. Indeed, he has quite set his heart on this marriage, and the disappointment will only incline him to push the law to its farthest extent."

I saw it all clearly then, and I sat still with a sudden pain at my heart, which seemed as though it must strangle me with every breath.

Judge Allyn drew his face down to mine, and the strong features of that proud man worked with agony, and he clenched my hand so fiercely that at another time I should fairly have shrieked at the pain it gave me.

"Miss English," he said, "I am a proud man, and you are a woman, and can never guess what this confession costs me. But you

will not bring dishonor, it may be a criminal's doom, on my gray hairs? I could not tell my boy of his father's guilt, and so I came to you. Will you be pitiful to me?"

"Judge Allyn, if it cost me my life I will do what you wish."

I closed my eyes and said these words—not so much with my lips to my hearer as I did with my soul to my God.

He rose up—he laid his hands on my head—they trembled like a little child's, and the voice was hoarse and broken with a sob that said—"May the Lord bless you, my child, for these words!"

There was little more passed betwixt us. That was no time for speech. In a few moments Judge Allyn rose to go. Mechanically I followed him to the door. After he had opened it he stood still a moment and looked in my face. Something he saw there seemed to touch and shock him. "My little girl," he said, "it will not break your heart to give up my boy?"

"God will take care of me."

He paused a moment and looked at me. "Oh," he groaned, "I would have given my right hand to have saved you from this," and then he went out hastily. I do not think he even paused to bid me good night. I shut the door, and the waves and the storms went over me.

CHAPTER XI.

"Sis, Henry Allyn is down stairs." It was Grace's soft voice said these words, as she came up to my chamber with her little tray of toast and tea, and tempting jelly. Two days had elapsed since my interview with Judge Allyn, and during this time I had not left my room.

But I knew that the time to act had come now, and with a silent prayer for strength, according to the hour, I went down into the parlor. Henry Allyn met me at the door with outstretched hands, and his eyes had a kind of greedy gladness in them.

"Oh, Constance, I am glad to see you again! Why, what makes you so pale?"

"I've been ill for a day or two, thank you; but I'm getting better."

"Sit right down here on the lounge. What a ghost you are! You've been left alone quite too long."

"Is your sister well, and have you had a pleasant visit?"

"Yes—es; as much so as I could have with other company than yours, Constance."

"Oh, Mr. Allyn, I do not like you to flatter me in that fashion."

"Why may I not tell you, Constance English, the most solemn and earnest truth of my heart?"

It was coming. I could not turn aside, nor put it from me, and yet, to have saved myself from that hour, I would gladly have laid down my life.

"Mr. Allyn"—it was a low, calm voice that answered the gentleman—"let us change this subject. I have read the books you were so good as to send me."

"No, I will not change it, Constance English," seizing my hand impetuously, and speaking as though the words leaped in a rapid torrent from his heart to his lips. "I came here to-day to tell you a truth which has been growing on my heart day by day, hour by hour, filling it with new light and joy. I love you with all that is best and noblest in me, with the fervor of my youth and the strength of my manhood. I love every faculty and quality in you. You have risen upon me, my incarnate ideal of womanhood. Constance, will you be my wife?"

Twice I tried to answer him, and the words came into my throat and strangled me. The third time I conquered; "Henry Allyn, I cannot be this."

He put his face down close to mine—he fairly ground my fingers in his own, as he groaned out, "Why not, Constance?"

The vision of that gray haired old man rose up and answered the question—but this I could not tell him.

"I could never be happy as your wife," I said, "deeply as I respect, much as I admire you. Take this answer, and let it suffice you."

"But you shall be, Constance," he pleaded, and his face was white, and his whole frame was shaken like a sobbing child's—"I will make you happy by the great power of my tenderness. Such love shall shelter your youth and weakness as you never dreamed of. Do we not harmonize altogether in the great range of our tastes and aspirations? Oh, let my love plead my cause with your woman's pity! Come to me, Constance."

Oh, that cry! how it smote through and through my heart. I thought I was giving way—that I could not resist it; but I did, for God helped me. I rose up and spoke with a calm solemnity that seemed in strange mockery with the wildness and agony beneath it.

"Once for all, Henry Allyn, I assure you that there is a reason which would make it sin for

me to be your wife—such sin that I would rather this hour lie down in my grave than commit it."

He threw himself down on the lounge. I heard quick sobs, and, at last, a groan. "Oh, Constance," he moaned, looking up at me, with a look in his eyes whose memory is like a sharp pain still, "I had rather you had killed me than told me this."

I could not answer him. My heart was full of such craving for his love, such a yearning to go to him, and push back the long, silky locks that were clustering around his forehead, and comfort him with all the woman's tenderness that was in my heart.

But I could only sit still, listening to his words, which he moaned out to himself as though scarcely conscious of my presence. "How can I give you up? All the hopes and dreams of my future are so woven about you! Oh, Constance, what is it to be together! What a fair, happy, graceful nest I had planned for my singing-bird, and now her songs will never gladden my household tree—oh, Constance!"

And my strength failed me, and a cry leaped from my heart out of my lips—"Don't, Henry Allyn, don't!"

I think the anguish of the tones touched him even then; he looked up at my face, and there was pity in his eyes.

"Constance," he said, "I will go and take my suffering away from you. Oh, if I had known this before!"

He must have believed that I loved another. This thought, though, did not strike me then; and I followed him to the door silently, just as I had followed his father. Then he turned round and took my hands—"Oh, Constance," he said, "can the bitterness of death be like this parting?"

"It will go away in a little while," I said, "and you will be happy. You will find some true, gentle, loving woman, who will gladden and enrich your life with her affection; and may God bless and keep you, my friend, Henry Allyn."

He bent down and kissed me tenderly and solemnly, as one might kiss the face of the dead. Then he went away. Oh, truly might he say—"The bitterness of death was in that parting."

"What shall I do with my life?" I asked myself this question as I awoke the next morning after a restless night, with that sickness of heart, that sadness and hopelessness of soul,

which those only who have felt shall understand.

Yet it was a fair and gracious morning, with pleasant autumn sunshine sifting through the side window that looked out on the sea; but the sight of it only sent a sharp pain through my heart.

My imagination looked out to the future with shuddering eyes, for they saw nothing there but a cold, chill, barren landscape, along which my fate appointed me to walk; and I thought how much sweeter death would be than such a life.

I know now, because a richer, deeper, more blessed experience has taught me, that Henry Allyn did not stir the highest part of my nature—that deeper than I dreamed there were chords whose tremulous music his skill never awoke; but I did not suspect this then; I only felt the craving for his tenderness, the need of his society, which had become a habit with me. Life seemed full of all blessedness with him—it wore all the radiance and beauty of youth, and love, and happiness, and without him all was darkness, coldness, death—a morning in June, full of the song of birds, the glory of sunshine, the sweetness of blossoms—a night in December, blank with darkness, shrouded in snows, without hope or promise—these are the contrasts.

(What shall I do with my life?)

I asked myself the question the second time, as I turned my head wearily upon my pillow; and then a sudden shaft of light flashed down into my soul, and like a still, small voice, there went through it the answer—"GIVE IT TO GOD!"

It was a call from Heaven, and my heart listened to it, and turning away from all thought of my own lost happiness, I tried to sound the meaning, and scope, and significance of these words.

It roused my whole soul with a new purpose of renunciation and consecration. I saw how, through all the years of my youth, my own happiness had been the central idea of my life. And I resolved to put this away from me, and to live, day by day, hour by hour, the life He had appointed me, seeking to do good to others in little, every day acts of love and kindness; to be patient, charitable, forgiving; to put aside all fears for my future, knowing that was guarded and sheltered by a wisdom that would never fail—a love that would never desert me.

It was no mere ecstasy of feeling, no poetic sensibility that actuated me. I felt that re-

ligion did not consist simply in emotion, but in the heart, in the daily living—that it was a principle pervading the entire life; and I felt, too, that this living principle was not in myself—that in the cross of Calvary and the death of Christ was my only strength or hope. And my life, the pale, broken thing I had longed to put away from me, rose up suddenly, exalted and glorified, a great and unspeakably precious gift, which I was to use faithfully and cheerfully for God.

Oh, you who shall read these words of my writing, for you, too, I bring this message of good tidings—by the love that called you into life, by the great sea of tenderness whose still, bright waters encircle your life, by that offer of pardon and reconciliation which, like a radiant bow of promise, overhangs it—turn away from all fear, and doubt, and anguish. Cast your great burdens upon God—strive to do "His will bravely," and trust the love that "cannot deny itself."

And when the light, and the peace, and the healing come down on the poor, aching, bruised soul, you shall find how unnecessary were the cares, the irritations, the daily frettings that have corroded your life, and submission shall take much of the sharp pain out of your sorrows, and you shall grow into new dignity, and grace, and peace. There is nothing like a strong, sudden, overruling purpose to energize the whole being. The light that shone down from the cross seemed to vivify every faculty of my being, and on the evening of that same day I went down stairs. Four faces, filled with glad surprise and anxious love, welcomed me to my old seat by the fire-place, and looking on these I underwent a pang of bitter self-reproach, that I had ever thought the world had nothing worth living for.

And that evening I briefly informed my astonished auditors that my acquaintance with Henry Allyn was forever at an end—that events beyond my power to disclose rendered this an absolute necessity.

As they all knew of my interview with Judge Allyn, I saw they half divined the truth, though they asked few questions; but I knew how deeply they felt for my sufferings, by their constant care and tenderness. I was not always "brave," though. There were times when the great waves went over my soul, when it sank under the power of the old memories and habits and associations; but I did not let go my purpose to live for God, and He will not forsake those who put their trust in Him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GAMBLER OUTWITTED.

A KNOT of two or three well-dressed men were standing on the levee at New Orleans, talking and looking about them somewhat curiously, as an attentive observer would have seen, though an inattentive one would have deemed them little more than idlers. Several flat boats were at the wharf near them, the owners of which were engaged in landing their cargoes. Three or four of these were laden with flour.

"Do you see that fellow on the levee, just over the largest of those three flat boats?" said one of the men alluded to, speaking in an undertone.

"I do," was the reply.

"He's the owner."

"Yes, I think that's clear."

"Keep your eye on him."

"I'll try; and if he gets beyond me, he'll be smarter than I think him."

"Look sharp. While you are dogging him, I'll attend to the whereabouts of the other flat boat captain, that sleepy fellow who is sitting upon one of his own barrels of flour. I'll make something out of him."

The third individual of this hopeful trio had said nothing. Now he merely remarked, sententiously:

"Be wide awake, both of you. There's good game in the field. You may depend upon me being in at the death, and no mistake."

"We mustn't be seen too long together," remarked the first speaker.

"No. Let us go into the city and then separate. We can return in a little while."

As suggested, the three went into the city, and there parted from each other. That night they met in a private room at a tavern, in an obscure quarter of the city.

"All right, Jackson?" asked one of them, as they drew up to a table on which were decanters and refreshments.

"All right. The flour is sold to Mark & Blair. Five hundred barrels."

"And paid for?"

"No. It isn't all delivered yet."

"What is the owner's name?"

"Morgan."

"Where is he from?"

"Cincinnati."

"And puts up ——"

"At Randall's, in —— street."

"He's rather green, I judge."

"Rather. I took supper at Randall's, and pumped out of him, after we left the table, all that I have told you. He says he will make a

first-rate trip, and clear at least four hundred dollars."

"He's not so sure of that!" was said, ironically.

"No. Ha! ha! Not if I can get a fair chance at him; which I will, before he has the money in his pocket three hours. But, what have you done, Hamilton? How is your sleepy subject?"

"First-rate. There's good plucking about him!"

"The feathers will come easy?"

"Oh, yes—even without scalding!"

"Who is the purchaser of his flour?"

"Old Garcia."

"Indeed! He's fleeced him, then, out of at least half a dollar a barrel in the price."

"So I thought, when I learned who was doing his business for him. But it isn't the case—he got seven and a 'bit' for it, and that's a tip-top price."

"How came that?"

"He stuck out, and the old fellow had to come to."

"When does the settlement take place?"

"In a day or two. Meantime, he has bills to the amount of five or six thousand dollars to collect for merchants up the river. It will be a week or ten days before he gets through."

"Where does he put up?"

"At the Planters'."

"Do you work on him slow, but surely, Hamilton. Remember, that sometimes these sleepy-looking subjects are rather hard to manage."

"There'll be little difficulty with old Slack."

"Slack?"

"Yes. His name is Slack. This is his first trip down the river."

"And it will, no doubt, be his last."

"Perhaps it will." This was said with a sinister chuckle, in which the other two joined.

Enough may be gathered from the conversations already detailed, to enable the reader to guess pretty accurately as to the character and occupation of the three men introduced.

About a month previous to this time, a man named Morgan, who kept a small store in Cincinnati, came home from his business one evening, looking gloomy and dejected. This was noticed by the quick eye of his wife, who said to him—

"You look troubled, James. Has anything gone wrong?"

At first the man did not reply. But his wife was not to be put off. She came and stood close

by his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said—

"You know, by past experience, that to tell me of all that disturbs your mind, will not make your burden any harder to bear."

"I know that, Eliza. I know that you have even more fortitude than I have," was replied. "But, you have your cares at home,—why should I compel you to share mine?"

"Business is not good?" Mrs. Morgan said, in answer to this, preferring to lead him on to speak of what she instinctively perceived to be the trouble, rather than argue with him the point advanced.

"I am sorry to say that it is not, Eliza. To-day, I have made a thorough investigation of my affairs, and find that I am several hundred dollars worse than nothing. This distresses me beyond measure. Mr. Talbot, who so generously set me up in business, and who has for the past year been so untiring in his good offices, will, at this rate, be the loser by me. I cannot bear the thought. I did hope, and I have struggled hard to realize this hope, that in the effort I have been making to get fairly on my feet again, I should be successful. Now, I despair."

"Do not utter, my dear husband, that word, which should be stricken from our language. There is no such thing as despair to any human being who will keep on striving to the end. Rather say, confidently, 'If I fall, I will rise again,' for this is a truth which every man will experience, if he but keep steadily onward. Do not forget that One sits above the clouds, to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm, permitting them only to devastate just so far as purification is necessary."

"Eliza! I do despair!" the husband replied to this, with bitter emphasis. "Have I not been struggling for ten years with an honest purpose, and untiring industry, but struggling in vain? If, for a moment, I rise upon a wave, it is but to sink deeper the next moment. It is hard, very hard. Other men can get along—other men who think it no crime to cheat—but I, aiming in all things to do justice to my fellow-man, find myself like a horse in a mill, again and again upon the spot from which I started. It is enough to make a man despair."

Finding her husband in such an unhappy mood, Mrs. Morgan said nothing in return, but let him murmur on until he had exhausted his complaints. On the next morning he was in a calmer frame, but still much depressed.

"Something will turn up, James," said Mrs. Morgan. "It will not always be dark. I do

not fear. We have weathered many a gale, and will, I am sure, ride safely through all the storms of life."

"Perhaps so, Eliza. You are always full of hope, and it is, doubtless, much the best. Still, I cannot but feel troubled when everything around looks as gloomy as it now does. As to something turning up, that is pretty clear. I shall have to hand over everything to Mr. Talbot, who has been so kind to me, and have the satisfaction of knowing that I have injured my benefactor. After all is realized that can be made out of my stock, there will be a deficit, as I have before told you, of several hundred dollars, and that loss must fall, for the present, at least, upon Mr. Talbot."

"It cannot be so bad as that, James, surely," the wife said, betraying, in spite of herself, the real anxiety she felt.

"Yes, it is that bad, if not worse. I mean well. I strive to be honest in my dealings with all men; but, strange to tell, I am even injuring, pecuniarily, my best friends."

This was said with so much bitterness and despondency, that his wife did not venture to reply to it, lest her words should only have the effect to make him still more gloomy. She remained silent, and he showed no further inclination to converse.

On the next day, Morgan called in to see the individual he had mentioned as his friend.

"What ails you, Morgan, you look distressed?" remarked Mr. Talbot.

"And I really am," he replied.

"Why should you feel so, Morgan?"

"For the best of reasons. I cannot get along. I think there are not many who try harder than I do. But it's no use. I go backwards instead of forwards."

"What in the world does this mean? You seem to have given up all at once. Has anything particular happened, that you are disturbed so deeply?"

"I have been making a thorough examination into my affairs."

"Well, what is the result?"

"I am at least five hundred dollars worse than nothing."

"Why, Morgan!"

"It is true," continued the man, emphatically, compressing his lips tightly, and looking Mr. Talbot steadily in the face.

"But how is it, Morgan?"

"I know but one reason."

"Name it."

"My expenses are greater than my profits. Business has been dull with me for some months,

At this time, I am little more than making my rent."

"Humph!" ejaculated Talbot, and he cast his eyes upon the floor, and mused for some time.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," resumed Morgan, "if no one suffered but myself; I could bear to come down to the ground, if no one else were hurt by my fall. But I believe I am fated to injure every one who dares to become my friend."

"That is all folly, Morgan," Mr. Talbot interrupted him by saying. "No man should suffer himself to despond, for it is despondency that makes failure, while confidence is the fore-runner of success."

"But what am I to do? There is one fact that cannot be got over by any degree of confidence. I am five hundred dollars worse than nothing. Will confidence remedy that?"

"It will."

"Don't trifling with me, Mr. Talbot. I feel too serious to bear anything just now."

"I am not trifling—I am in earnest. Confidence creates the means of success. A man who despairs when he gets into difficulties, looks down, and sees nothing but the hard, uneven ground at his feet; but he, whose confidence is strong, looks up and around, and soon discovers new paths in which to walk. Look up and around you, then. Think—but not of the desperate condition in which you find your affairs—that can avail nothing; think concerning the means of extrication from your present difficulties: that may and will avail much. If your present business does not give you a support, connect something else with it, or change it entirely."

"But, see, Mr. Talbot, the strait I am in. How can I change it, when I have nothing to change it upon? My stock of goods ought to be sold off at once before they are reduced still further, and the proceeds paid into your hands."

"When, according to your own statements, I should be the loser by some five hundred dollars."

"It is too true." This was said in a gloomy way.

"How much better, then, will it be for you to seek some new channel of operations, instead of giving up your present efforts. Morgan, you must be more of a man. A true man never despairs but for a very brief season. He has confidence in well-directed efforts, and will make them."

"It is very easy to talk, Mr. Talbot—but

what can I do? I have thought, but thought returns like the dove, weary. It finds no rest for its feet."

"Suppose I think a little for you?"

"Do, for mercy sake! If you can think to any good purpose."

"Have you confidence in your clerk?"

"Yes."

"In his honesty and capability?"

"I have the fullest confidence in both."

"Do you think your business would suffer, if you were absent a few weeks?"

"No."

"Very well. Then I think I can help you to an idea. Try a couple of boat loads of flour down the river."

"There are too many in that trade now."

"That is only an assumption. The flour is the thing. If you go down to New Orleans with flour, you can sell it, and clear something neat."

"Where is the flour to come from?"

"Don't throw difficulties in the way. Are you willing to try?"

"Certainly I am, if there is any use in it, and I can get a cargo."

"If there is any use in it? I am really out of patience with you, Morgan. But, to come at once to the point. I have about five hundred barrels on hand, and if you will go with them to New Orleans, I will charge you six dollars a barrel, and you may get what you can."

"The last quotation was at six and three quarters, I believe."

"Yes, and that will pay you very well."

"Yes, it certainly will; and if you do not see cause to change your mind, I shall be glad to make the trip."

This was said with a brightening eye and a more cheerful tone of voice. Hope had revived. There was something tangible presented to his mind, and he grasped at it eagerly.

In about two weeks, Morgan parted from his family, and with two well-laden flat-boats, commenced his voyage toward the Crescent city. Without accident from "bar," "snag," or "sawyer," he arrived in New Orleans; the period of time in making the descent of the Ohio and Mississippi, being just that required for his boat to float down with the gliding current. Much to his gratification, he made a quick sale of his flour at seven dollars, and received a good price for the lumber of which his flat boats were composed. Altogether, the clear profits of the trip were very near four hundred dollars, after all expenses were paid.

Morgan felt very much elated at the success of this transaction, and could not refrain from speaking of it to one of the boarders at the hotel, a very pleasant, affable man, who had shown him many little attentions, both at dinner and tea-time, and who seemed not only inclined to converse with him, but to take a good deal of interest in his affairs. To this individual he communicated freely all the particulars of his business, and was gratified to find in a stranger one who could sympathize with him, and find pleasure in his success.

"Come, take something to drink," he said to this individual, after they had left the tea-table, and smoked a cigar together.

"No objection," was the quiet reply, and the two went up to the bar and took a stiff glass of brandy together. They then sat down in the public parlor, and entered into a very friendly conversation.

"Cincinnati, I am told, is a very pleasant place," remarked the new acquaintance.

"It is, certainly. Have you never been up the river?"

"No. My business keeps me close in New Orleans. And, as I am a business man, I never like to be absent from my post."

"That is right. In what line of business are you engaged?"

There was a slight pause, and then—

"I keep a hardware store," was replied.

"You do? Where is your store?"

"At No. 90—street."

"Well, I must call in before I leave the city, and make a few purchases in your line. I have a store in Cincinnati, and generally keep an assortment of nails, hinges, locks, etc."

"I shall be happy to see you," returned the friend, a little coldly. Then, after a short pause, he said—

"Your trip, this time, has turned out very well, I think you told me?"

"O yes; it has netted me handsomely. It is the first I ever made, but it shall not be the last."

"The river trade is quite profitable."

"So I find."

"How much flour had you?"

"Five hundred barrels."

"So much?"

"Yes."

"It sold very well?"

"O yes. Seven dollars is a very fair price."

"Who bought it?"

"Mark & Blair. A good house, I believe?"

"Why—yes—tolerably fair. But—have they settled your bills yet?"

"No"—with a look of alarm. "Don't you think them safe?"

"O yes, I suppose they are safe enough. But I would advise you, as a friend, to settle with them as early as convenient. I tell you, but it is in confidence, that, to my knowledge, they are pretty hard run just now. No danger, I am sure; still, as I feel a friendly interest in you, I would suggest a settlement of your accounts as early as possible."

"I am really indebted to you more than I can express," said Morgan, with warmth. "The first thing I do in the morning will be to see after a settlement of my bills. If I were to meet with any losses here, it would completely break me up. Everything depends upon the successful termination of this adventure."

"Don't be alarmed. There is no particular danger. Only it is best to be fully on the safe side."

"That it is. And I will put myself there right early to-morrow morning."

At dinner-time the next day, Morgan again met his new friend, whose name was Jackson, at the table. The latter managed to get a chair beside him.

"Well, how are you to-day?" said Jackson, with a frank familiarity that pleased Morgan.

"Bright as a new dollar," was replied.

"I am glad to hear it. All right, I suppose, with Mark & Blair?"

"O yes—thanks to your kind hint. I had all my bills arranged this morning, examined and settled by a check for thirty-five hundred dollars."

"Which you cashed, of course."

"Of course. Bank bills, any day, before private checks, say I. O yes, I got their check cashed in ten minutes after I received it, and here are the bills safe enough," placing his hand upon the breast of his coat, over against the pocket that contained his pocket-book. "I shall not leave for a day or two yet, as I have a number of purchases to make," he continued; "and but for your kind hint, for which I am greatly obliged to you, I should have left my money in the hands of Mark & Blair, and, perhaps, have lost it."

Jackson turned his head partly away, to conceal the expression of his face. The pleasure which the communication just made, gave him, was so lively and so sinister, that he feared his companion might be roused into suspicion by it. As he did so, his eye glanced across the table. He perceived that an individual was looking at him, who, he had reasons for knowing, understood very well his character and

profession. From that moment, he had less to say to Morgan, and before the latter had finished his meal, he arose from the table and left the dining-room.

The individual, whose eye had disturbed Jackson, remarked the fact of his having left the table, to a person by his side.

"Yes; I observed him leave," was returned. "Do you know him?"

"I know who he is. Don't you?"

"No. Who, or what is he?"

"A villainous blackleg. A scoundrel, who has ruined more young men of our city, and fleeced more of the up-river folks, than any two of his abominable craft!"

"Indeed! I should never have suspected that beneath his open, bland countenance, was so black a heart."

"It is true, nevertheless."

"Do you think that is one of his companions, with whom he has been chatting so closely?"

"No. You rarely see two of that trade very familiar in public. They ordinarily meet as perfect strangers, the more surely to act in concert when the time comes."

"He can't be a marked victim."

"Doubtless he is. Some man, probably, engaged in the river trade, who has just sold out, and has his pockets well lined with money."

"Some one should put him on his guard."

"Yes. It would be a charity to do so. But, one hates to meddle himself in these matters."

"True. But such a reluctance ought to be conquered in a case like this. A scoundrel should never be allowed to sacrifice an ignorant man, if a mere hint of the scoundrel's character will save him."

"True: but one don't like to be interfering in what is none of his business."

"It is every man's business to warn the unsuspecting of danger."

"Will you warn the stranger opposite?"

"H-h-em! I suppose, according to my own doctrine, I ought to do so. But it is a delicate matter to broach. And, after all, instead of a victim, he may be an accomplice in villainy."

"Exactly! And suppose it should so turn out? A man would feel pretty queer, I'm thinking."

"So do I. Though, I am clearly of opinion, that it is every one's duty to warn the unsuspecting of danger, I also clearly believe, that in doing so, he should be very cautious that he does not wake up the wrong passenger."

"Upon the whole, I think we had better let this green one, if such he be, look out for him-

self. It may do him good to get his fingers burnt a little. Any man who can be tempted to gamble, ought to pay a pretty severe penalty. Do you think a really honest-minded man could play at cards for money?"

"That's a pretty close question. Men who would resent an imputation of dishonesty with instant indignation, and, perhaps, shoot you for your trouble, play at cards for money."

"I know that. But can such men reflect that it is not a high-minded, honest way of making money?—That, in gaming, there is no exchange of equivalents: no mutual good derived in the transaction; but as perfect an abstraction of money on the part of him who wins, as if he had picked his companion's pocket."

"I rather think your views of the matter too broad. I cannot assent to it. Persons who play cards do so freely, aware of the risks they run. If they win, it is all fair; and if they lose, it is the same. I have known persons, who were not at all grasping, or money-loving, in their characters, who would play cards night after night, from the mere excitement of the thing, sometimes losing considerably, and sometimes winning. I do not call such dishonest men; but, rather weak men."

"No doubt, there is a distinction to be made, such as you present; but, I cannot help thinking, that any man who is lured by a stranger into gaming, has in his mind a latent vein of dishonesty. He hopes to *win*, or he would not play. And I call that man dishonest in heart who desires to *win* money, instead of *earning* it. To *win* money, is to take what belongs to another, without giving him something of equal value in return—and that, as I have said, I call *dishonest*.

The other made no reply to this: and the conversation ceased.

When Morgan left the dinner-table, which he did soon after his new friend had retired, he looked around in the bar-room and parlor for Jackson, and felt somewhat disappointed at not finding him. After smoking a cigar, he walked out, intending to purchase some goods for his store, and have them packed for shipping the next day. He had only walked half a square from the hotel, when Jackson met him, and, smiling blandly as he stopped, said—

"Ah, well—how are you now? I had particular business to attend to, and had to hurry from the table. Which way are you bound?"

"I have a few goods to buy, and wish to attend to it this afternoon. Your store is No. 90, I believe."

Yes."

"I shall call in. I want two or three kegs of nails, and several other articles in your line."

There was a pause; then, with a slight hesitation in his manner, Jackson returned—

"I am sorry that I shall not be at the store this afternoon. I have engagements that necessarily keep me away. Can't you come in tomorrow morning as well. I wish to sell you our goods myself."

"O, yes, I suppose so."

"Ah, well. I am glad of that. You expect to be engaged all the afternoon?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you at supper-time, I suppose?"

"If you are at the hotel."

"I shall be there. I am regular in my habits, and never miss a meal."

At tea-time, Morgan was pleased to find his agreeable friend at his side. They strolled out together after supper, and walked for half an hour, during which time Morgan was highly pleased with the affability and intelligence of Jackson. They were passing down a rather obscure street, when the latter, pausing before quite a common-looking coffee-house, said—

"Come, let us have something to drink."

"Not here," obeyed Morgan.

"Why?"

"Isn't it rather a low place? I don't like its appearance."

"Come in and see. It's one of the most fashionable places in New Orleans."

"Why is it such a common-looking concern, then?"

"It's kept by an eccentric genius, who has got rich in the business. He won't move, nor fit up the outside of his house. But within, everything is costly and elegant, and the eating and drinking first-rate."

The two men then entered. Jackson hadn't exaggerated, in speaking of the interior arrangements of the house. The bar-room was spacious, and brilliantly lighted with more than a dozen gas-lamps, that were multiplied almost indefinitely by reflections from mirrors, that sent back the rays in all directions. The room was actually lined with mirrors. The bar was marble, and all the fixtures of the most showy and costly kind.

There were about twenty persons present. Some were drinking at the bar; others sitting at tables, comfortably discussing their liquor and newspapers; while others conversed in small groups, or sat apart, with eyes intent upon all the movements within.

"Is No. 10 engaged?" asked Jackson, in a low tone, as he stood beside the bar.

"No."

"Then send Dick up in a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"Come! Let us get out of this public place into a quiet room to ourselves up stairs. I'm sure it will be more pleasant to you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"This drinking of good liquor, standing at a bar, or sitting at a table, in a crowded room, is, at best, a low, animal gratification. But, a social glass, with a friend, in a quiet room, is delightful."

"You are right," returned Morgan. "I, for one, never enjoyed drinking at a public bar."

This conversation, which took place after the two men had entered a small but elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted room, was broken into by the entrance of Dick, the waiter, with his bow, and a tray containing a dozen glasses.

"What will you take, gentlemen?"

"I'll take a stiff glass of hot whiskey punch?" said Jackson. "What will you have, friend Morgan?"

"The same."

"Two hot whiskey punches, good and strong, and half a dozen pricnipes."

Dick vanished quickly. In a short time he reappeared with the steaming compound and cigars. At the first sip of his glass, Morgan thought it tasted pretty strong—but this thought did not again cross his mind.

"Our friend below is unequalled in whiskey punch," said Jackson; filling his long glass a second time. "I never drink anything else here. Isn't it superb?"

"It is truly so."

"Did you ever taste anything like it?"

"No—never."

"I'll endorse that. Nobody ever has, except in this place."

In similar conversation about a quarter of an hour was spent, when Jackson had the satisfaction to perceive that the unequalled whisky punch was doing its work on his intended victim, to his perfect satisfaction. The truth was, both the bar-keeper and Dick the waiter understood the matter thoroughly, and had managed to get into the hands of Morgan a glass of punch of more than double strength.

We will not proceed further in detail here. It is enough to say that Morgan was introduced to several of Jackson's friends during the evening, and, finally, induced to play. Half intoxicated, or, rather, half insane from drink, he was led on from one heavy stake to another,

until, when he rose from the table, he had not one dollar left out of his thirty-five hundred. He had played at *poker* with Jackson and two others. His losses nearly sobered him, before he was completely ruined. As his mind grew clear, he perceived that he was playing with men who were perfectly at home in the matter, and who ventured large sums with startling promptness. Determined, if possible, to cause his fellow-players to throw up their hands, rather than venture so heavy a stake, he put down his last five hundred dollars, and asked to see their hands. Jackson doubled that, and repeated the oft-uttered sentence—"I'll see your hand." Morgan could venture no more—all was upon the table. The other two players seemed to be in the same condition, or afraid to risk anything further. All the cards were shown. Jackson had three aces! He, of course, swept the board.

Instantly it flashed upon the mind of Morgan that he had been victimized by a regular blackleg. A feeling of angry desperation seized him. Springing, with a sudden impulse, to his feet, and bending over the table, with clenched teeth and hand, he exclaimed, in a loud voice,

"Infernal villain! Your cards were stocked."

The words were scarcely articulated, before poor Morgan fell backward, and struck heavily upon the floor. A blow from one of the party rendered him instantly helpless and insensible.

When Morgan's consciousness returned he found himself lying on the floor, with his head under the table at which he had been playing cards with such disastrous results. It was some minutes before he could set his mind in order sufficiently to obtain a realizing view of his condition. That was a moment of terrible agony in which the whole truth became presented vividly to his mind. His brain reeled, his bosom became oppressed with a feeling of suffocation. For a little while it seemed as if life must become extinct every moment. To this succeeded a state of almost pulseless calmness, in which he thought distinctly of his wife and family—of his benefactor, whose money he had lost—of the consequences to himself and all concerned with him, of his recent act of criminal folly.

"Madness!" he suddenly exclaimed, striking his hands against his forehead and springing from the chairs into which he had dropped on rising from the floor, as these thoughts awoke into a wild tumult the elements of his mind. "What shall I do? Where shall I go? I am

ruined forever! Oh, my poor wife! My poor children! My injured friend!"

Descending, now, with a quick step, to the bar, as a sudden thought of his betrayal crossed his mind, he stalked up to the person who attended there, and said abruptly—

"I have been robbed!"

"Indeed!" was the only reply, while a cold, incredulous smile passed over the features of the man.

Three or four persons only were in the bar-room, as it was late. These, startled by the tone and words of Morgan, gathered round him.

"Robbed?" said one of them.

"Yes, by a cheating scoundrel, with stocked cards."

"Oh!" was uttered, in a tone of indifference, that said—"Is that all?"—just as plainly as the words themselves.

"Do you know the man who came in with me this evening?"

"No," replied the bar-keeper, with a slight curl of the lip; "nor you either. If you are fool enough to play at cards and lose your money, have sense enough to pocket your loss and say nothing about it. Don't come brawling here. We know nothing about these matters, and care less."

At this rebuff Morgan turned hastily away and left the house, his mind as wildly agitated as the waters of a whirlpool. Walking hurriedly along, without thinking or caring where he was going, he continued on until he suddenly paused beside the deep, dark waters of the Mississippi, that were rolling heavily onward toward the gulf. The crescent moon, and bright company of stars, threw a faint light around, while their rays glittered upon the rippling surface of the river. No waking mortal was seen. Alone the distracted man stood, and looked down into the mysterious waters. Dark thoughts crossed his mind.

"Yes—yes," he murmured, "this buries all. Here the heart will grow still. I cannot go back. No—no—never! What! Meet my uncomplaining wife? No! She will not chide me—she will only bid me hope. But I have cruelly wronged her, and cannot bear to look into her patient face. And he? Can I meet him? No—no—no! never! Here all this may end. Here all had better end. So far in life I have injured every one who has loved me or befriended me. This shall be no more."

A sudden resolution to commit an act of self-destruction was about to be as suddenly consummated, when there stole softly, but clearly

forth, from the cabin of a boat lying near, a voice, singing a familiar song. The air was one which the lips of his wife had often warbled, and it brought up before his mind his home again, and his bosom swelled with new emotions—emotions of deep and yearning tenderness.

"Shall I forsake you now, dear ones?" he murmured, as his head sunk upon his bosom. "Shall I leave you alone and helpless in the world? I cannot—I must not—I will not!"

And turning from the river as he spoke, he took his way toward his hotel, where he passed the night, but not in sleep. On the next morning he looked about him in vain for his very kind friend. He did not make his appearance at the breakfast-table. On inquiring for him at the bar, he could not make the bar-keeper understand who he meant.

"I'll find him at his store," he said, as he left the house. But the moment he uttered the sentence it occurred to him that the store about which the man had talked might only be a ruse to mislead him. He, however, went to 90—street, and found that the house bearing that number was a dwelling instead of a hardware store. As he turned from it, his heart lying so heavy in his bosom that its pulsation was scarcely felt, he met Slack, the flatboat captain, to whom allusion was made at the opening of our story. They had become slightly acquainted while unloading their flour at the levee.

"Good morning, Mr. Morgan. Why, my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you sick?" said Slack, speaking with surprise and concern.

"Yes—sick as death," was the reply, while a shudder passed through the speaker's frame.

"Have you pain in the back or head?" This was asked with concern.

"No."

"Have you any pain?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In my heart."

"Morgan, what ails you? You look wild and strange."

"No wonder. I have been robbed."

"What?"

"I sold my flour for thirty hundred dollars, received a check for it yesterday, and now every dollar is gone."

The poor victim wrung his hands bitterly as he spoke.

"Gone! Where? how? Robbed, did you say?"

"Yes. Robbed by an infernal blackleg!"

"You haven't been playing?"

"I was wheedled by a specious fellow into the insane idea that he was a merchant here, and took a friendly interest in me. He enticed me into a den of thieves—made me half drunk, and then won all my money from me by stocking the cards. I know he must and did stock them. When he showed his hand he had three aces and two kings."

"The scoundrel! But can't you find him?"

"No. And if I did what more could I do now than blow out his brains? And I don't see what particular good that will do me."

"Humph! This is a hard place!"

This was said half to himself by Slack, who remembered, at the moment, that a certain pleasant gentleman at the Planters' Hotel had been very friendly with him, and had invited him to the theatre on the night before; an invitation that he would have accepted had he felt well enough to go out.

"Haven't you anything at all left?" he asked, after nearly ten minutes' silence, looking into Morgan's face with a feeling of commiseration as he spoke.

"Not one dollar."

"I am really sorry for you. Have you no acquaintances here?"

"None. And if I had I am sure I should not call to see them now."

"You will want money to pay your expenses here?"

"Yes; but—"

"You must call on me. I feel really sorry for you. And as your misfortune has, in all probability, saved me from the snare that is doubtless set for my unwary steps, I shall claim the right to meet your expenses here and pay your passage up the river. I will return in two or three days, and shall be glad of your company. In the meantime, look about for the villain who has betrayed you, and if you can find him, and can do no better, why—and he cracked his finger and thumb to imitate the click of a pistol lock.

"I am deeply indebted to you," returned Morgan, with earnestness, "but I cannot think of going home."

"Why?"

"A friend loaned me money to go into business. I did not succeed. My expenses ate up both profits and capital, and I was unable to return to this kind friend the amount he had advanced me. But he did not reproach me; he encouraged me; and still further to assist me, he sold me five hundred barrels of flour at

the lowest rate, and sent me to this city. I sold it handsomely, and netted something like five hundred dollars. But the flour is not paid for—and how can I return?"

"A trying case, indeed. Have you a family?"

"Yes; a wife and several children."

"Then you must return and brave all. No man has a right to forsake his family."

"I feel all that with great force. I love my family. My wife is deeply attached to me, and will neither chide nor complain. But, see to what a condition my folly has reduced me! Ah! the thought almost drives me mad!"

"Who is your benefactor?"

"Mr. Talbot."

"Of Cincinnati?"

"Yes."

"I know him well. A more generous heart than his never beat in a man's bosom."

"True—true. But I have wronged that generous heart."

"I will see him myself. I will stop a day or two as I go up the river and explain it all. He shall not think you regardless of him, or reckless of what he entrusted to your care."

"Thank you! thank you! From my heart I thank you! I shall need your kind representations. But, even after all you can say, everything will look black, and he cannot but justly reproach me."

Three days subsequent to this time the three men at first introduced to the reader, and whose profession, from their conduct and conversation, was so apparent, met one morning in a private room in the very house where Morgan had been fleeced.

"Nothing done yet, I suppose, Hamilton?" remarked one of them.

"No, Jackson. My sleepy subject is too dull to become inspired with even a desire to play."

The man addressed as Jackson was very different in appearance to the one who had won Morgan's thirty hundred dollars. He had dark whiskers, and wore spectacles. Morgan's friend had neither.

"He has some six or seven thousand dollars, has he not?" was asked.

"Yes. That much, all told."

"And leaves in the Gazelle this afternoon?"

"Yes, in company with your very particular friend, Morgan, who looks as if he had suffered from the seven plagues of Egypt."

"Ha! ha! He was easy to come over. I wish I could find his counterpart every day. I would retire from business in a twelvemonth."

"So would I. But this Slack must not escape us."

"No; we must give him chase."

"Shall we take passage in the Gazelle?" asked the third.

"I think we had better. I am sure that pigeon can be plucked."

"And must be."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of that day, Morgan, feeling almost as bad as a man on his way to the gallows, accompanied by Slack, went on board the Gazelle. In about half an hour the steamboat was pushed off, and commenced her voyage up the river. There were nearly a hundred passengers.

For the first day or two there was a general reserve, such as is felt among strangers. After that a more sociable spirit began to prevail. The ladies favored the company in the cabin with music. Dancing was then proposed, and the second evening spent in a manner agreeable to all—Morgan, perhaps, excepted, who could not be interested in anything, his own unfortunate condition filling all his thoughts.

"Do you know," said Slack to him, during the morning of the third day, "that we've got the very kind gentleman on board who tried his hand on me in New Orleans, but without success."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I thought the voice of the man in the green coat, white vest, and scarlet cravat, had a sound familiar to my ear. And there was something in his manner that kept reminding me of somebody I had seen."

"But why didn't you recognize him before?"

"This man wears spectacles."

"The other did not?"

"No. But it's an easy enough matter to put on glasses. He may not be the same; but I have my suspicions."

"You mean the man sitting at the table now?"

"Yes."

"What are they going to do? Cards, as I live! Cursed be the day that I ever saw a card!"

"Cards, ha! Well! Let us look on and see what course things are going to take."

The two men stepped into the cabin and drew near to the table, at which four persons had commenced playing. The game seemed more for the sake of amusement than anything else. The stake was only a 'bit, as it is called at the South—a twelve-and-a-half cent piece. Nothing beyond this sum was put into the pool. After looking on for nearly an hour,

Morgan and his friend went out upon the guards.

On the next morning, immediately after breakfast, the playing again commenced. Before dinner-time the stakes were beginning to increase. A good many five dollar bills changed hands. Slack noticed that the individual he suspected did not join in playing, as he had done the day before. He observed him very closely, and began to doubt his identity with the very pleasant personage who had cultivated his acquaintance at the Planters' Hotel.

"I may be mistaken in that man," he remarked.

"Very possibly you are. But, do you know, I have felt strongly impressed, for the last twenty-four hours, with the idea that the black-whiskered, blue-spectacled man, who is playing at the table this morning, is the scoundrel whom I shall have cause to remember for many a day to come."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—but in disguise. These fellows readily change their appearances. Oh, if I was only sure of it I would have his life or my money!"

Morgan clenched his teeth, while his face expressed the murderous feelings he had uttered.

On the fourth day Slack was asked by three or four different persons if he wouldn't take a hand, several tables having been formed, as the company generally were seeking to pass away time with cards, draughts, and chess. But he declined all invitations to play. At several of the tables the stakes were getting high, and much money changed owners.

It was on the fifth morning that Slack, after having looked on for some time, went out of the cabin and stood musing upon the guards. While there the individual who had excited his suspicions came up to him and commenced a conversation on general topics, which gradually came down to the particular matter of steam-boat conveyance, and the irksomeness of a ten days' voyage on the river.

"Our friends inside are killing time, I see," he finally said.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"And who can blame them?"

"No one, I suppose; though I should call their manner of killing time rather dangerous."

"O no. I've been looking over and playing myself ever since day before yesterday, and I haven't seen any sums of consequence bet and won. I have been as high as twenty dollars out of pocket, and then it has all come back

again. There are none but gentlemen here, and the playing is only for amusement. There isn't a single one of your black-leg gentry on board."

"Are you sure?"

"O yes—positive. I believe I know nearly every passenger with the exception of three or four. Oh, no! Everything is fair and honorable here. If I didn't think so you wouldn't catch me fingering a card."

After saying this the stranger stepped from the guards into the cabin, and in a little while took a hand at one of the tables. The captain of the boat came along soon after, where Slack was standing.

"Your passengers seem to be enjoying themselves," remarked the latter.

"Yes; and some of them will do so, before they are done, to their sorrow, if I am not mistaken."

"Why so, captain?"

"I think there are some gentrified aboard who would not tread my deck for an hour, if I was only certain that they were all I suspect them to be."

"I have my own suspicions on that subject."

"Have you, indeed? Come with me, then, I would like to have a little chat with you," and the two walked away to the upper deck.

An hour afterward Morgan and Slack were sitting in the cabin near one of the tables at which two men were playing at *poker* for trifling sums. One of them was the man whom Morgan had mentioned as having something about him that had excited his suspicions—near the table sat the individual who was suspected by Slack.

"Wont you take a hand, friend?" asked one of the players of this person.

"I don't care," he returned, rather indifferently. "But who'll take the other hand?"

"You will, wont you?" and the speaker looked at Slack.

"As you seem short-handed I will do so, although I don't care much about playing," Slack returned. Morgan looked surprised, and whispered an objection in his friend's ear, which the latter did not seem to notice, but took his place at the table. A close observer might have seen, by the expression of the countenances of the three strangers to Slack, that they were not a little pleased at the fact of his having joined them.

Five cards were dealt to each of the players, and the *ante* determined. It was fifty cents each.

"The stakes are so small I'll go one dollar blind," said the first speaker.

"I'll see that and a dollar better," said Slack.

"I'll see that and go a V," said the third.

"I'll see that and go an X," came promptly from the dealer.

His left hand man paused a moment, and then said—

"I won't see it," and threw up his hand.

"I'll see it," said Slack.

"And I'll go out," said the third hand.

"I call you," and Slack looked into the face of the dealer, who sat opposite to him.

"I have three deuces," was that individual's quiet remark.

"Then I'm beat," returned Slack, and so he was.

The dealer pocketed the stakes, and then dealt out the cards again.

"Make your bets, gentlemen."

"Let's go a V at once. This is dull work," said Slack.

"No—no—don't!" whispered Morgan, who stood near, and began to feel very uneasy. But his companion paid no attention to his remark.

Each of the players now put a five dollar note into the pool. But minute detail is needless. A game at poker is quickly played. Game after game passed off, Slack sometimes winning, but oftener losing. With each new game the stakes were increased. As the stakes became larger and larger, one and another became attracted to the table, until a number of spectators stood looking on, each one feeling more and more interested in the games, as they became of more and more importance. At last, the *ante*, as named by Slack, was one hundred dollars. Half smothered expressions of disapprobation escaped from several of the spectators. This game bid fair to hold on longer than any of the others. When five hundred dollars were named, two of the players threw up their hands, and left the field to Slack and the dealer. They were, as has been said, seated opposite to each other. Several thousand dollars were now upon the table.

"I'll see that, and six hundred better," said Slack, laying six one hundred dollar bills upon the table.

"Ditto, and go you seven hundred." This was said with a confident air, and the money was thrown down.

"Too bad! too bad! He'll ruin him!" was whispered by two or three. The men who had

thrown up their hands continued to look on with eager interest.

"I'll see that and put eight hundred on top of it," coolly returned Slack.

"Will you? Ah, well. Then I'll go you nine hundred, and see your hand."

"I'll go you a thousand more!" said Slack, his voice becoming husky and tremulous from excitement, throwing another thousand dollars upon the table, that now held over ten thousand dollars.

There was an exclamation of surprise and displeasure from the crowd that had gathered around. The way in which the card-player who was now engaged with Slack had conducted the game, and the boldness with which he played, awakened the suspicions of several that both he and his companions were of the regular profession. The captain and his clerk were among the spectators. The former seemed much excited. He was so nervous that he couldn't stand still for a moment. Poor Morgan was almost beside himself. He stood directly behind the chair of his friend, and looked on with intense interest.

"Madness!" he muttered between his teeth, as he saw the last venture of his friend go upon the table, from whence he was well satisfied it would never return to him.

"You are a bold player, but I think my hand will stand even that. "I go you eleven hundred better," said the dealer.

"I'll see your hand. What have you got?" The voice of Slack was still more husky as he said this.

The individual whose hand he had asked to see could not conceal the pleasure he felt. He knew that his hand must be the strongest at the table, and therefore he was satisfied that he should win. He paused a moment, glanced around at the company, and then, with a triumphant smile, exhibited *four aces* and a queen.

Morgan staggered back, and leaned, sick at heart, against a berth. But his friend, with a loud laugh, threw *five aces* upon the table, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, scraped the whole contents of the table into his hat, that had been held ready between his knees, and passed it to the captain, who clutched it with eager hands.

"Stop!" shouted the holder of the four aces, in a loud, angry voice, bending over toward Slack, and grappling at his throat.

"You villain black-leg, I know you!" roared Slack in return, springing to his feet and presenting a pistol, that *clicked* as the cold barrel

was pressed against the cheek of his opponent.

But further contention was prevented by the entrance of four or five deck hands, who, at a signal from the captain, seized the three men and pinioned their arms.

All was uproar and confusion in the cabin, for many minutes. At length order was restored, and explanations made by the captain. He stated that from many circumstances he had been led to suspect, as regular gamblers, the three men who had just been treated so roughly, and that he had taken from two packs of cards the aces, and given five of them to the individual who had used them so well, in order to let them have a little payment in their own coin. He was now ready to try them by a jury of the passengers, and if he had wronged them, to suffer, himself, any penalty which that jury might award, after sitting, in turn, upon his case.

This seemed the fairest way to get at the truth of the matter, and so a jury was empaneled, and witnesses examined. First of all, Morgan, now beginning to open his eyes, and understand what was going on around him, was asked, at the request of the captain, who had heard his story and his suspicions from Slack, to tell his adventure in New Orleans, which he did with much feeling.

"Which of these men do you suspect?" asked one of the jurors.

Morgan pointed him out.

"Take off his spectacles," was peremptorily ordered.

"Now try if his whiskers are real or false."

The whiskers were soon lying upon the table.

"The very man!" exclaimed Morgan, striking his hands together, and springing up at least a foot from the cabin floor.

The eyes of Jackson, for he it was, fell to the floor, and his face flushed, confirming, by its expression, the accusation of Morgan. All were satisfied.

"Now let us have your particular friend unmasked, if he is here," said the captain to Slack.

One of the trio was pointed out, and soon his appearance became greatly changed.

"I can swear to him," was Slack's confidant remark. "He was exceedingly kind and attentive to me while I was in New Orleans, and tried hard to get me into some of the dens of thieves with which the city abounds. But I was a little too cautious. For three days he has been trying to induce me to take a hand at

cards, and at last he succeeded. But I reckon he wont want to try me again!"

"And the third—what of him?" was now asked.

No one accused him, and he was released.

"Here are some ten or eleven thousand dollars—what shall be done with the sum?" asked the captain.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall," replied a juror.

"How much did you stake?" said one, turning to Slack.

"Three thousand dollars."

"Let that be returned to him."

All agreed to the decision.

"And thirty-five hundred to this poor fellow here, who has been robbed of his all."

"Right! right! Let it be done!" was the response.

Morgan looked wild and incredulous for a moment. Then, bursting into tears, he dropped into a chair, and leaning his head upon a table, sobbed aloud, while his whole frame quivered.

There are four thousand dollars left. What shall be done with them?"

"Give back to the unaccused party the amount of his stake, and divide the balance between the two gamblers. We have no right to make any other disposition of the money."

After some debate this was approved, and the money apportioned accordingly.

"And now what shall be done with these gentlemen robbers?"

"Set them ashore!"

"Aye—aye—aye!" ran round the cabin.

"It shall be done," said the captain.

And it was done. As the boat in which the two men, with their arms still bound, were placed, was about pushing off, the third person who had been suspected sprang from the deck into it.

A loud shout greeted him as he did so. The Gazelle remained at rest until the small boat in which the gamblers had been landed returned, and then shot ahead under a heavy pressure of steam, leaving the companions in crime on a lonely shore, miles from any village or human habitation.

Morgan has not since had cause to visit New Orleans, and he has no desire to do so. The four hundred dollars cleared on his flour has given him a new start, and he is now doing well. But the story of his loss he has never related to Mr. Talbot, nor even to his wife. He has not the courage to do so.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LANDON.

NAY, call her not unblessed, young wife, whose days
Are one unbroken dream of happiness;
Nor deem that through her spirit's cloister cells
No holiest rift of sunlight finds its way.
Prayers for her good continually ascend
From hearts made richer by her spotless life;
And ever to her ear this comfort comes,
"Thou self-forgetter, well and nobly done."

The hand caressed, the cheek with kisses warm,
And all the dear amenities of love
That findeth here fulfilment and reward,
These are not hers.—Her little weary feet
Must climb the heights and walk the vales alone.
No child-voice breaks her slumbers in the night
With that sweet word most dear to woman's heart;
And it may be that in those silent hours
When duty's many calls are all obeyed,
In the calm interval of quiet rest,
A dream of all the joy that had been hers,
If change or death had never intervened,
Steals with a saddening influence to her heart.
Unbidden that fond dream; no time has she
For vain regrets, or idle discontent.

Time was, when, even as thou she was beloved.
A great, true heart, and affluence of thought
Were laid in humble reverence at her feet—
Deep earnest eyes bent tenderly on hers,
And eloquent lips breathed love-words in her ear;
But the destroyer came, and all is gone.
Couldst thou more bravely bear such bitter loss?
Well, she has hushed the wall of human grief,
That erst in uttermost woe welled wildly forth;
And having laved the fever-throbbing brow
In the broad stream that for our healing flows,
She, now, with steadfast step and trusting heart,
Goes gladly on through all the appointed way,
Nor ever falters in her high resolve
To bear the oil of peace to those who mourn.
Full well she knows, that, on the eternal hills
A home awaits her, of unseen delight,—
That when her feet have passed the narrow flood,
All shall be hers, and more than she has lost.
Yet, while one life in darkness gropes its way,
While one needs sympathy or help, she prays—
"My Father, let me live and labor still."
Such breadth of view, such wealth of soul is given,
To those who consecrate their lives to good.
To such an one who dwells so near His feet,
Life cannot be a barren, desolate waste;
But, clinging ever to the shadowing Rock,
It upward climbs, a generous, graceful vine,
Pregnant of good and charitable deeds.

And I have thought, that, when we shall at last

Await the sentence of our final doom,
Among the white-robed glittering near the Throne,
Her garments shall with fairer lustre shine,
And a beatitude unknown to us
Be hers, who waits for all reward in Heaven.

Longwood, Mo., July 4, 1860.

FLORENCE.

BY MABEL ST. CLAIR.

We called the baby Florene;
For it was our mother's name,
And we thought we'd love her better
If we christened her the same.

Oh! she wildly wept to leave us;
And she kissed us, all the rest,
But we thought she loved the baby
The fondest and the best.

For she said, Tell her, her mother's lip
Last to her own was pressed;
That her golden head was pillow'd last
Upon her mother's breast.

And she told us we should tell her,
With a world of tenderness,
When we needs must tell our darling,
That she was motherless.

They clasped her hands together,
That had grown so strangely still;
And they scraped away the snow to make
Her grave upon the hill.

That night the purple curtain
That canopied the west,
Was folded back to let the stars
Look down upon her rest.

We thought we saw a shining wing,
But when we looked again,
We only heard the angels
Fling down a sweet—refrain.

We could not tell the words they sang,
"Till at length they whisper'd near,
"Give us the baby, Florence,
We can train her better here."

Then we went to Florene's cradle,
And we softly kissed her brow;
But she he'd heard the angels calling,
And she's singing with them now.

Spring Hill, Ohio.

HOW I LOST MY LOVER.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

"Be careful of the fire, Nelly," was the last injunction of a thousand that my parents gave me, as they started off on a visit to some relatives residing eastward beyond the White Mountains. They were to remain absent a fortnight; and I was to be commander-in-chief of rows of shining milk-pans, pots, kettles, and household affairs in general and particular.

Farmers' wives know that this is a post of considerable importance, one of hard duty and constant watchfulness. I was so thoroughly convinced of my competency as housewife, that I was sorely irritated when my good mother implied doubts of it, by her countless and repeated charges.

Now, I thought, "I am alone in my glory," as I sat down to recover breath and patience I had lost in racing after collars, gloves, pins, and neck-ties; and in order to prepare for commencing operations, which, I resolved, should astonish my unbelieving parents, and show them what a treasure of a daughter they unwittingly possessed. I glanced around. The rooms were in woful confusion. Band-boxes, lesser boxes, boots, coats, pants, and cast-off skirts were scattered over the floor and chairs—cobwebs hung from the ceiling and windows; on the table lay a huge pile of unwashed dishes—and the half-opened doors revealed tumbled beds and mussy toilet-stands. This accumulation of disorder would have driven Lord Chesterfield distracted; and no wonder the mirror opposite reflected a heated and impatient face. I was not long to be daunted, however, for I had a notion to try what a pair of spry feet and hands could accomplish. At that instant, the old clock in the sitting-room pealed forth one, two, three, four, five; the morning was yet young, and I arose with a quick step and a light heart. Broom, brush, dish-cloths and persevering labor, got the mastery; and I shortly surveyed, with proud satisfaction, the beautiful order I had brought about. Something still was wanting; and snatching my broad-brim from its accustomed nail, with eager footsteps, I sought my flower-garden. Selecting choice roses, pansies, and verbenas, I transferred them to our cosy parlor, very angels of fragrance and beauty. Nor was this all. I determined to get a dinner that would shed honor upon me; so, baring my arms, I was soon deep in Aunt Dinah's mysteries, thought-busy, and, as the sequel will prove, thought-wandering.

Through the tender care of the novelist, a heroine retains the immaculate whiteness of her robes, even though she should wade through a mud-puddle. He knows it would never do to introduce her washing bedraggled and bespattered skirts; it would sound so unromantic. Well, I was once simple enough to believe all his poetical fibs, and inclined to imitate his lady Angelas in dress; so I donned my daintiest white muslin. While I stood before the glass, I could not help feeling a good deal of natural, feminine vanity; for I was looking my very best. True, my figure was too short, and its proportions of too healthy fullness for elegance; and, according to the American type of beauty, my cheek was too rich in color; but I was pretty—there was no gainsaying it. My short, thick curls, and bright, black eyes were attractive; and I knew it. I was a vain puss then, a petted, half-spoilt, only daughter, and heiress to many broad acres. You'll ask for whom were all these preparations?—certainly not for lone me. Who ever heard of a girl of eighteen working and putting at such a rate, when she does not expect a beau? You see I knew, intuitively, that Philip Dean would come—you know Philip. There had been a little kindness growing up between us two from mere babyhood. He had carried my dinner-basket night and morning, during all our school-days, and always insisted that I was much handsomer and better than a rival belle, sweet Jenny Wheeler. Besides, he won my girlish gratitude, by slyly working out for me the long hard sums in the old arithmetic—no wonder he was undisputed owner of a large share of my affections. Since I had donned long frocks, I had been almost invariably his companion to all the singing and spelling-schools, pic-nics, sleigh-rides, and boating excursions. It was his general rule to spend two evenings of a week at our house; yet, with all this attention, he had never spoken a word of love. Somehow, I had a presentiment, (you girls will understand this,) that a declaration would soon be made. I was not mistaken. It was not long ere I heard a step on the graveled walk, that could belong to none other than himself. Looking backward over the train of years, it seems strange what a flutter, flutter there was about my heart. Philip's cheery "good morning," in nowise tended to allay my perturbation. His hazel eyes had never appeared so handsome and impassioned before, nor had he been half so entertaining—oh! I was proud of him. We sat near each other: so near, that he toyed with my hand.

It was a way Philip had, and I thought nothing of it.

"How charmingly you are looking, Nelly," he said, moving a degree nearer.

Now, I don't believe that person lives, who does not like a little flattery, given in the right manner, time, and place, in spite of what wise-wlings say, or may have said to the contrary. Our sex is supposed to be most pleased with it; and, in its name, I plead guilty to the weakness. Freely do I own, that I have liked it from my pinafores; and, surely, under such circumstances, it must have been agreeable. The complimentary speech, recorded above, was followed by an awkward pause, during which time we blushed to the rims of our ears.

"Nelly," he continued, "you know I have no sister. Sometimes, I am very lonely. My dear and valued mother is becoming aged; and my nature craves a younger and dearer companion"—

Horrid! At that moment, an odor of burning meat came most unpleasantly to my olfactories. I begged to be excused, and hastened into culinary quarters, to find the piece of beef I had so carefully prepared, almost spoilt. Nervously, I caught a holder from the shelf, and, in so doing, succeeded in knocking ma's favorite cut-glass pitcher, which fell with a loud crash, breaking into a hundred fragments. Philip must have heard it. Oh, this meal-getting, with a lover in the parlor! With a flushed brow, I went back to the old seat. Philip smiled, provokingly.

"Nelly," he added, "I want a wife. Home will lack nothing then, to render it the dearest resting-place this side of heaven. I know a little girl, who is precious to me as life!"—

"Oh!"—Just then, a disturbance in Bridget's apartment, obliged me again to leave. I had carelessly left open the door; and dame grunter had taken the liberty to enter and taste of the pudding I had set to cool.

It was in no enviable frame of mind that I hauled out the dining-table, and laid the dishes. As I looked at the warm, heavy biscuits, upatable meat, and burnt potatoes, my pride and self-confidence vanished. I should not have cared so much, had I not known what an excellent cook and notable housekeeper Mrs. Dean was. Besides, in matters of the palate, Philip had been an epicure from the cradle; and everybody knows that men think more of their stomachs than of their sweethearts. To add still more to my trepidation, Philip regarded me curiously, when I invited him to dine. As he eyed the viands before him, I thought he

was going to say grace, by the sudden elongation of his visage. I poured some muddy coffee; and, notwithstanding my secret discomfort, I took a malicious pleasure in watching him sip the beverage. He was an inveterate coffee-drinker; but, somehow, his cup did not lower much. What rare fun I should have had, if I had not been Dinah! We came to dessert at last; and when I handed him the flaky-crusted pie, a relieved expression stole over his countenance, which, on tasting, changed to a perceptible grimace. What could ail my highest effort? Alas! I had forgotten to sweeten the apple!

Were vexations never to cease? By chance, I caught a glimpse of a reflection in the glass. Was it mine? I glanced downward. Shade of Ham! My faith in spotless-robed heroines was gone at once. I was a tri-colored exhibition of red, white and black. Troubles heaped themselves up strangely. I wanted to throw myself on the carpet, and cry like a very child. I did nothing of the kind. Instead, I burst into a laugh, as the whole scene came before me in its ridiculous light. I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks; and, as Philip became more disgusted, my merriment increased. I laughed when he went away, though I knew he would never finish the offer so unluckily began.

Three weeks later, he was united to Jenny Wheeler. Soon afterward, I attended a party at Widow Dean's, and had the happiness (?) of overhearing Philip's indifferent remark to Fred Lee, a kind of explanatory apology for the flirtation between us: "A dear little girl, but a poor cook."

In time my parents returned; and I was only too glad to put off a responsibility of which I was heartily tired. I shrewdly suspect that my father had had an eye on Philip's coffers; for he was cross towards me for three whole days, after hearing of the wedding. Just as though I could have helped it. I learned two lessons, that young ladies may profit by. Firstly, it is a different thing to play kitchen-maid, with mother for overseer, than to play the same without her. In the former case, if you forget sugar, saleratus, or oven, she will not. Secondly, never allow a lover, whom you wish to call husband, to declare his passion at breakfast, dinner or supper-time, especially if you are forced to prepare the meals yourself. Be too busy, be skittish, be anything, rather than allow it. If possible, delay it till the hour of twilight or moonlight; then you will not, like me, have the seal of old-maidism stamped indelibly on your brow.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

The little squirrels were carefully buried the next day in a corner of our garden, at the foot of an ancient pear tree, over whose head had walked the white winters and smiled the sweet summers of a century.

We set the squirrel-house away in the darkest corner of the wood-house, for Harry's lip would tremble at the sight of it, and it was indeed more than any of us could well bear, when we remembered its pretty, graceful inmates at their play, or glancing with bright, shy eyes out of the bars.

It was several days after the death of his squirrels before Harry came upon Joe Winters.

I had felt a good deal of anxiety respecting this interview, for I was afraid the sight of the boy would stir Harry's impetuous nature into fury, and hoped that the first acuteness of his sorrow would have passed away before he met his enemy.

The boys came upon each other by the old creek, where Joseph had been fishing.

Harry stood still a moment and surveyed Joe, while a shiver of anger and disgust went over him. Then he passed on.

Joe dropped his eyes a moment, but I presume the look, or an uneasy conscience, troubled him, for he turned quickly and cried out,

"Hullo, Harry Atwood! what's become o' those fine squirrels o' yours?"

I do not suppose that Joe Winters suspected there was a slight triumphant chuckle in his tones, but the feeling in his heart found its way into his voice.

It roused Harry. The blood flashed into his face, and there came over his soul a fierce temptation to rush upon Joseph Winters and pull him to the earth; but he put it aside and answered, looking the boy sternly in the eyes—

"You know what's become of my squirrels, Joe Winters."

And this time the blood rushed in a burning tide over the sun-browned cheeks of Joe Winters; but he quickly recovered himself enough to ask, in a somewhat menacing manner—

"What right have you to say that I know anything about your squirrels?"

Because I know, Joe Winters, as well as you do, that you poisoned them."

The words leaped out of Harry's lips—so he told me afterward—before he knew it.

The blush went out from Joe Winters' face. I think that stern truth hurled so suddenly at him, overwhelmed him for a moment; but he evidently thought the only way was to "face it out," so he answered triumphantly—

"You can't prove I ever touched 'em, and you'd better keep still about accusin' me till you can."

"I know I can't prove it, but I know who will."

"Who?" This time the boy looked startled and anxious.

"God!"

There was a little silence. Harry turned to go on. Somehow that Name had quieted him. But Joe's voice followed him tauntingly.

"How long is it, Harry Atwood, since you turned parson, and took to preaching?"

He had touched a very weak part of Harry's nature, for the boy was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and like most boys, had not the discernment to perceive that unmerited ridicule is never a disgrace to the object against whom it is aimed. The old, fierce longing to throttle Joe Winters came over him again, but he conquered it and went on, speaking no words.

And Joseph Winters went on too, but the boy's face was dark with the evil passions that were gathering and lowering in his soul.

That last word of Harry's haunted and stung him, and he could not turn from it nor put it aside; and an intense hatred toward his schoolmate sprang up in his heart—for do you not know, dear children, that those whom we have wronged are always a reproach to us, and that the remembrance of them always stirs up the evil in our souls?

Everybody in the neighborhood had heard of the loss, for Farmer Winters or his son had gone to every house within half a mile of their residence to inquire for the lost bird.

It was a young parrot, a gift from Joseph's uncle, when he last returned from sea, and was greatly admired throughout the neighborhood.

She was a dark green, glossy bird, and the boy's heart was greatly set on her; he had taught her to speak many sentences, and she could call his name, and often amused visitors by her comical replies to their questions.

But the parrot had disappeared. They had placed the cage on a bench in the back yard the previous evening, and forgotten to close the door, and when, an hour later, they went to the cage to remove it into the house, the bird had disappeared.

A search for the lost bird had at once been instituted throughout the neighborhood, but it had been unsuccessful; and it was feared she had either flown into the woods, or some accident had befallen her. As for Joe Williams, he was inconsolable for the loss of his parrot.

I related all this to Harry, while he stood watching me fill some Venitian vases with the beautiful water-lilies he had brought me from the pond.

"It's served Joe Williams just right: I'm glad of it," and a flash of triumph went over his face.

"Oh Harry!"

He understood me; but he kept on, partly answering my reproof, and partly another "Oh Harry!" which his conscience uttered.

"I can't help it, Cousin Janet. He deserves to be punished; and this will make him remember my squirrels, I hope."

At that moment, Harry was summoned by some of his schoolmates, and he hurried out of the room, before I could reply.

"Poor Polly!"

Harry stood still, as he opened the garden-gate, in the edge of the evening, while the young moon lifted her rim of gold over the distant mountain.

"Poor Polly!"

The voice sounded faint and mournful in the stillness, but it crept around the corner of the house to Harry's ear, and he followed it with eager curiosity. And there the boy found the lost parrot, half perished, for a storm of wind and rain had beaten on it, and it could not escape, because, in attempting to fly in at the pantry-window, its feet had been caught and tangled amongst the strings of peppers which had been hung there to dry. The bird must have died before morning, if Harry had not heard its cries.

He extricated the parrot carefully, and smoothed its wings tenderly; then he remembered its owner, and thought of his dead squirrels, and a fierce impulse came over him to wring the neck of the bird, and have fitting revenge upon Joe Winters for the wrong he had done.

An exultant smile went over the boy's face; he lifted his hand—in a moment it would have been done, but a thought sent from Heaven stayed the purpose of Harry Atwood—his hand fell down, there went on a short, sharp struggle in his soul: and then, the parrot was safe!

In a few moments the garden-gate opened, and Harry took the road leading to Farmer Winters'; and he walked very rapidly, for there was a fear at his heart, that the temptation might come over him again.

"Joe—Joe Winters, I say!"

The boy started quickly; he was sitting by the window; his arms folded on the table, and his face buried on them; but Harry recognized his schoolmate, for the lamp-light fell bright on his hair.

The boy started quickly, and came to the door.

"Who wants me?" he cried out.

"It's I, Harry Atwood; I've got your parrot."

Joe sprang forward with a yell of delight.

"Is he alive?"

"Yes; but he wouldn't have been, if I hadn't happened round by the pantry-window," placing the bird carefully in its owner's hands.

"Oh, Polly, I'm so glad to get you back!" said Joe; and there were tears of joy in his eyes.

"I thought you'd be, so I hurried over with him;" and Harry started to leave.

"Don't go yet; I want to hear all about it," exclaimed Joe, who was bewildered by a variety of feelings.

"I haven't anything more to tell, only that I heard the parrot call, when I opened our back gate just now; and I went round to the pantry-window, and found her caught among the strings of peppers that hang there; but I must be off now, for they'll want me at home."

Joe did not speak another word, not even to thank Harry, but he walked thoughtfully up to the house, stroking the wings of his bird.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY PIGEON.

With all is the beautiful lingerer in our crowded cities a favorite. All love this gentle bird, that, shunning the cool and quiet woods, stays with man in the hot and noisy town, and amid strife and the war of passions, passes ever before him, a living emblem of peace. "It is no light chance," says Willis, in his exquisite lines "To a City Pigeon,"

"It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely, by Him who has tamed the heart
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air;

I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions gleam."

In the same lines, how truly and how sweetly has he said :

"A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'ret named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'ret linked with all that's fresh and wild,
In the prison'd thoughts of a city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things."

In the language of the same poet, how often have we said, as we looked forth upon the gentle bird:

"Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove:
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;

And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye."

In his lines to "The Belfry Pigeon," Mr. Willis has expressed most truthfully the feelings and thoughts which all have had for this gentle creature, which,

"Alone, of the feathered race,
Doth look unscared on the human face."

As we know of nothing on the subject more appropriate and beautiful than the address referred to, we will copy it for our young readers.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

"On the cross-beam, under the Old South Bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter, that bird is there,
Out and in, with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye, and active feet;
And I often watch him, as he springs,
Circling the steeples, with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And a gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

"Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well,
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with 'nine at night'—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with love of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstrirr'd,
Or, rising half, in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with film'd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

"Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee!

With wings to fly to wood and glen.
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men,
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop forgetful to thy nest."

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessing from his Heavenly Parent.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

Mother's Department.

HOW TO NURSE SICK CHILDREN.

This is the title of a tract by an English Physician, Charles West, M. D., on the office and duties of nurse in a Hospital for Sick Children. The hints and suggestions will be found of use to mothers as well as nurses. The position of a hospital nurse is admirably set forth:—

"There is a great difference, as you must by this time have found out, between a child when well, and the same child when sick. When well, it is all life and merriment and fun; if a baby, springing in its mother's arms, smiling at everything, or ringing

out its tiny laughter for very joy at being alive; or if it is older, jumping about, running backwards and forwards, full of frolic, shouting aloud with gladness, or in its more serious moods playing with its toys with the drollest earnestness. Nothing is easier, with the most moderate good temper, than to attend upon it then. But if illness comes; first the child loses its merriment, though it still shows just every now and then a sad attempt at playfulness, and then, as its illness increases, it grows more fretful; so fretful, that nothing can go right with it. It cries to be laid down in its bed, and then no sooner have

you placed it there, than it cries to be taken up again; it is thirsty, and asks, or at least makes signs, for drink, but nothing that you offer pleases its taste, and it pushes away the cup, irritated all the more by what you have so kindly done to promote its comfort. For days and nights this continues, but yet you bear it, losing your own sense of weariness in anxiety for the life of your little charge. At length amendment comes, but as the anxiety you had felt passes away, you are disappointed at finding that, instead of being more loving and more fond for all that you have done for it, the little one is more cross and fractious than ever, and it is only by degrees that its childish ways come back to it, and that you discover that the illness did not destroy, but only took away for a short time, the little loving heart.

"Now, if you devote yourself to the duties of a nurse in a Children's Hospital, all this would be happening over and over again every day; while as soon as your care and nursing, with the doctor's skill and God's good blessing, have made the sick ones well, they will be taken away from you to go home to their friends, and fresh sick children, fresh cross children, will come in, to tax your strength and try your tempers. Sometimes, too, the parents of the sick children are not nice, civil-spoken people; they show no gratitude to you for all your pains, but give themselves great airs, almost as if you were their servants, and as if they had been doing you and the doctor a great favor in putting their child under your care. Now, all this is very hard to bear, and yet you must bear it, and do your duty, and be happy in spite of it, if you are to be a useful nurse.

"Happy in spite of this! Perhaps some one may say, 'No, that I am sure I cannot be! Always to have some cross children to care for, often to meet with unkind and ungrateful parents; that is too hard!' I own it is hard, so hard that I would not advise any one whose health is indifferent, whose temper is fretful, or whose spirits are low, to undertake the office of a nurse. Even those whose health and temper and spirits are the best, and who have the truest love for children, need something more to help them to bear it. And this something more is the thought that all these blessings—the good health, the sweet temper, the cheerful spirits, the very love for children which you feel in your heart—are so many great gifts of God, to be used for His glory, for the good of these little ones, whose Father as well as your Father He is, and whose special blessing is promised for every kind act, even for the very least, which you do for every sick child in this Hospital."

Dr. West sets forth in great clearness and with considerable detail the symptoms that precede the principal diseases to which children are subject, as well as those that attend the different stages of each malady, together with a statement of the duties that fall to a nurse to perform, as those symptoms successively develop themselves. These directions are given in simple, untechnical language, which ren-

der them valuable in private families, as well as in an hospital, where the nurse is more constantly under the eye of the physician. The following hints may be useful in all cases of infantine sickness:

"Little precautions, so trifling that few think of noticing them, have much to do with the quiet of the sick room, and consequently with the comfort of the patient. A rattling window will keep a child awake for hours, or the creaking handle of the door rouses it up again each time any one enters the room; and to put a wedge in the window, or to tie back the handle, and so quietly open or close the door, may do more than medicine toward promoting the child's recovery. There can, however, be no abiding quiet without a well-ordered room, and the old proverb carried out, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' A table covered with a cloth, so that things may be put down and taken up noiselessly, and set apart for the medicine, the drink, the nourishment, cups, glasses, spoons, or whatever else the patient is in frequent need of; with a wooden bowl and water for rinsing cups and glasses in, and a cloth or two for wiping them, will save much trouble and noise, and the loud whispers of the attendants to each other, 'Where is the sugar? where is the arrowroot? where did you put down the medicine?' of which one hears so much in the sick-room, so much especially in the sick-room of a child, who is unable to tell how extremely all this disturbs him. Management on the nurse's part, too, will do much to render the doctor's visit less trying than it otherwise would be to the child. Her report should not be made, as is too often the case, in the child's presence; the doctor questioning, and different answers being given, or different opinions expressed; a little dispute as to some perhaps trivial point going on for three or four minutes, undoing by this idle disturbance all the good which hours of perfect quiet had been needed to accomplish.

"With due attention to these points, it sometimes happens that the doctor is enabled to pay his visit, and to learn all he needs to know, without arousing the child at all, for he can notice its breathing, and count its pulse, and feel its skin unnoticed. Often, however, this will not suffice, and then, if the child is suddenly roused or roughly awakened, it becomes alarmed, the doctor is unable to form a correct judgment of its condition, and the whole time of his visit is occupied in fruitless attempts to pacify it. With a little care, all this might be avoided. The child should first be half-aroused by gently touching it; it may then be softly called by name, or by some customary term of endearment; while it is always desirable that a face which it knows and loves should be the first to catch its eye on waking; and in speaking to it the voice cannot be too soft, nor the tones too gentle. The same gentleness, too, must extend to every movement of the child, to turning it in bed and so on. If it is necessary to raise it in order to give it food, the nurse must re-

member that the head aches, and that the little one is dizzy; the head must not be raised from the pillow low, but the arm must be passed beneath the pillow, and the head raised while resting upon it."

EASY MOTHERS.

We wish it were possible to persuade some otherwise excellent mothers how much trouble they would save themselves, by exercising a little firmness toward their young children. Of course it takes more time to contest a point with a child than to yield it; and a busy mother, not reflecting that this is not for once, but for thousands of future times, and to rid herself of importunity, says, wearily, "Yes, yes, you may do it," when all the while she knows it to be wrong, and most injurious to the child. Then there comes a time when she must say "No!" and the difficulty of enforcing it at so late a period of indulgence, none can tell but "easy" mothers of self-willed children. For your own sakes, then, mothers—if you have not the future good of your children at heart—for your own sakes, and to save yourselves great trouble in the future, learn to say "No!" and take time to enforce it. Let everything else go, if necessary, because this contest must be fought out successfully with every separate child; and once fought, it is done with forever. When we see mothers, day by day, worried, harassed, worn out by ceaseless teasings and importunities, all for the want of a little firmness at the outset, we know not whether to be

more sorry or angry. At any rate, we have no patience to stand by and witness such sad mismanagement.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting round the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about "Lucy's gown that is not finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even his coat, his buttonless coat, thrown in your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say—up—and out! Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless? and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience, when you do return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch is not finished at just such a moment, (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematize in your labor, even with your best efforts,) still remember, that "she who hath done what she could," is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the "best of men;" though there are malicious people who might answer that that is not saying much for him! Still, he would never to the end of time, dream what you were dying of. So, accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

Hints for Housekeepers.

SODA CRACKERS.—A correspondent of the New York Enquirer, says—Noticing, in a previous number, a call for a recipe for crackers, I will just pen the one I use, called soda crackers. In one quart of flour, mix a teaspoon heaping full of cream of tartar; add a lump of butter about the size of a hen's egg, well rubbed in the flour; a teaspoon even full of soda, in half a pint of sweet milk—the newer the milk the better, if cold; where milk is scarce, water will do. Bake in a quick oven, and give close attention. If I make more than the recipe calls for, I prepare my ingredients, and only wet up at one time what I can bake at once. Wet it up hard. Roll out so that it will appear flaky. When baked, set them down by the stove to dry. Before mixing it all up, I generally make a small cake, and bake it, to see if it is right, as there is much difference in the strength of both soda and cream of tartar. If one has good luck, this compound will make crackers that are generally preferred to those on sale, by both sick and well.

E.
have to dress, grate a nutmeg in some salt, chop parsley, a few bread crumbs; mix all well together, dip them in this batter, and have some drippings hot in a stew-pan, in which fry them of a fine, light brown. Make a little gravy, thickened slightly with flour. Lay the fowl on a dish, and pour the sauce over it. A cold rabbit, served in the same way, is good eating.

CHOOSE THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.—The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, for its superior healthfulness. In some barracks in Russia, it was found that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which occurred on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, &c., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well-known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun, while on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthful, and even dangerous.

A NICE WAY TO SERVE CHICKENS OR PIGEONS A SECOND TIME.—Cut them into four quarters, beat up an egg or two, according to what you

HOW TO EAT WISELY.—Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: “1. Never sit down to the table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances, can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances, is to take a cracker, and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Boil one pound and a-half of good apples with a gill of water, and half a pound of brown sugar, until reduced to a smooth pulp; stir in one gill of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of flour, or fine bread crumbs; flavor with a little lemon juice, or grated lemon, and bake forty minutes.

FRENCH WAY OF DRESSING A SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Cut the veal into nice, square pieces, or mouthfuls, and parboil them. Put the bone and trimmings into another pot, and stew them slowly

a long time, in a very little water, to make the gravy. Then put the meat into the dish in which it is to go to the table, and season it with a very little salt and Cayenne pepper, the yellow rind of a large lemon grated, and some powdered mace and nutmeg. Add some bits of fresh butter, rolled in flour, or some cold dripping of roast veal. Strain the gravy, and pour it in. Set it in a hot dutch oven, and bake it brown. When nearly done, add two glasses of white wine, and serve it up hot. Any piece of veal may be cooked in this way.

MEASURE CAKE.—Stir to a cream, a ten-cup of butter, two of sugar; then stir in four eggs, beaten to a froth, a grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir it until just before it is baked. It is good baked either in cups or in pans.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, half a teacup of sour cream, half a teacup of butter, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of caraway seed. Mix rather soft, roll and cut.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of cream, two of sugar, four of flour, three eggs, one teaspoon of saleratus, nutmeg or lemon.

BUNS.—Three cups of milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, and flour to make it a sponge; let it rise over night, then add another cup of sugar, and one of butter. Mould them into small biscuits.

Health Department.

SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these. First: Those who think most, who do the most brain-work, require most sleep. Second: That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Third: Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants

of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule—and as the question how much any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

CELLARS.

There ought to be no cellar under any building designed for the residence of families; but in cities where ground is very valuable it is considered a necessity. The only access to the cellar of a New York dwelling is through the lower hall or passage; hence, whenever the door is opened, all the fumes, gases, odors and damps which arise from it, ascend through the building and impregnate every room with the foul air generated by decaying wood, vegetables, bones, skins, scraps of meat, etc., of which the cellar is too commonly made a common receptacle.

In the spring or early summer, every movable thing should be taken out, the walls and floors should be most thoroughly swept, and then the walls and ceiling should be most profusely whitewashed. No cellar should be without a well-plas-

tered ceiling, not only to exclude the dampness and bad air, but to protect the lower room from cold and changeable weather.

There can be no doubt that an ill-conditioned cellar is the unsuspected cause of death among many a happy household. A gentleman recently built for himself a splendid mansion in this city. He had not been in it long before several members of a hitherto healthy family became unwell. On minute inquiry he found that the house had been erected on a filled-in swampy lot. He at once removed elsewhere, and the usual health returned to his household.

During one of the cholera years in Boston, the whole city was divided into small districts, and trusty citizens were appointed to visit each, and to leave no part of any suspicious premises unexamined, with power to compel a thorough and immediate cleansing. Their care was happily rewarded: only in one neighborhood was there any marked disease, when upon a more rigid exploration of a particular building, it was found that one compartment of a dark cellar was almost filled with a disgusting compound of all the offal of a kitchen for a long period. With such facts, those who possess any intelligence, with even a moderate affection for their wives and children, will give a prompt and wise attention to the subject.—*Hall's Jour. Health.*

SMALL BED-CHAMBERS.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal disease are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep

in eight by ten rooms, that is, in rooms the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet; while the cubic space for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required. Four thousand feet of air every hour! and yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand-feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July, 1860! Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.—*Ibid.*

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—PROMENADE COSTUME AND CARRIAGE DRESS. LADY ON THE LEFT.

Bonnet of tulle-blonde, ornamented with a single feather, and a little *bruyère*. Interior of black lace, *bruyère*, cheeks of white lace, white strings.

Robe of *taffetas pâsée* silk, trimmed with a ruffle edged puffing of white *taffetas*, disposed in form of a tunie, and continuing across the back to simulate a *pèlerine* in a pointed form, extending to the waist. The end of the sleeve fringed, above which—several inches—is a band of ruffle-edged puffing. The *ceinture*, or waist-ribbon of the same, is closed with a steel or silver clasp. The front of the robe is garnished with a row of buttons covered

with the same, and diminishing in size toward the waist.

Collar and undersleeves of application. Straw-colored kid gloves. Lace boots of *satin français*.

This costume is appropriate wear for a young wife to an opera or concert *matinée* or *soirée*, and would be appropriate for a young lady at an evening opera, with a simple head-dress of white lace and blue ribbon, enlivened with a few flowers to heighten or tone the complexion.

Crinoline skirts, and Thompson's diminished corrugated skirts, are now the only ones worn as *jupes* supporters by the most *élite* of the millionairies. Most decidedly, inflated skirts are to be superseded by *traines*—and if the change have the effect of training our ladies into the graceful gift of raising their skirts on our promenades like the *Parisiannes*, we shall bless the fickle goddess for it; but the pre-

sent style of extremely light, and very fine hooped skirt, of diminished rotundity, will maintain throughout the winter.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of *taffetas*—plain skirt for promenade.

Winged mantle of black *taffetas* or velvet, but the former is the most fashionable. This mantle is often cut with sleeves—either pointed or square—which reach to the bottom of the mantle. The trimming is formed of biases cut from silk goods striped with black and *pensée*. It is cut with a yoke, covered with a pelerine, and edged in harmony with the rest.

Bonnet of Belgian straw, trimmed with tufts of violet and black lace, placed rather far back on the *passe*, near the crown. The curtain is covered with black lace. The crown trimming of lace is called an *apprêt*, and it covers the tufts of flowers. White blonde cheeks; *auréole* over the forehead of lace and flowers. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. Russet colored kid gloves, and black satin lasting lace-boots.

The form of *mantilla* here illustrated is in higher favor with demoiselles, even, than is the *casaque*; but the latter is still preferred by many. Both forms of over-garment appear most graceful with a long, full, flowing, pointed sleeve, and with three neat silk braid *agrafes*—one *agrafe* at the neck, another across the stomach, and the other at the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Amongst our most captivating styles of goods for the season are the silk muslins—foulards—flexible *taffetas*—reps and poplins. The last are in highest favor for the moment, and the favored styles seem to be almost monopolized by our favorite importers, Edward Lambert & Co., and Adriance, Strang & Co. The favorite colors are *pensée*, *Marguerite*, Magenta purple, *mode* (the *mode* color is, this year, a dash of azure blue in Tyrian purple,) and all their combinations.

Bright or lively colors are still in favor for bonnet trimmings, and strings ornamented with stars of gold or silver, are in high favor for full toilet.

With the colored plate we have given the shape of the Broadway bonnet as now preferred; the soft crown having lost favor, is seldom seen at evening parties or at the opera; and our young ladies evince a dislike for wearing it to our most fashionable churches, and they would not for anything if a fashionable wedding was to be solemnized in the church.

Speaking of weddings reminds us that we intend, either with the next or the following number, to give careful illustrations of a bridal costume, with suitable directions as to the dresses and formalities to be worn and observed on an occasion the most important of all in the construction of society and the foundation of civilization.

For morning bonnets, black reps, blue, and ily

colored silks are in favor, trimmed with mauve, green, grosseille, china pink, and azure blue, as best suits the complexion of the wearer, and blends or relieves the material of the bonnet. For full toilet, crape is still a favorite material, and so is fine straw, if trimmed with fine lace, and choice artificial flowers.

There is no kind of trimming that a lady should be more careful in the selection of, than artificial flowers. Of the numerous milliners in our city we do not believe there are a dozen that invariably employ good trimmings. They make up for want of superiority in quality, by loading a bonnet with meaningless attractions that will fade on their first exposure to the sun or rain. Ladies of refined taste always employ very few trimmings, but these few are sufficient to assure the eye of a connoisseur that the wearer is a lady of cultivation. Of the few names that occur to us now, as keeping none other than the very best of trimmings, are Madame Laurent and Madame Dougal. These ladies never advertise in newspapers, because each piece of work that they finish is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the fashionable world kneels to them for the favor of their services in the millinery art. To believe the truth that the proper understanding of the millinery art requires peculiar gifts and education, it is only necessary to reflect that it has been one of the greatest causes of celebrity to Paris and Vienna.

LINGERIE.

Caps, undersleeves, *canezou*, &c., seem to attract more than usual attention this season. Of *caps*, the *Parisienne* gives two charming samples. The first is of plain *mouseline*, extending out to the front of the hair over the forehead, and round back over the ears, drawn with a row of white lace across the back of the neck, and falling in a point between the shoulders nearly half way to the waist. The whole is edged with lace nearly two inches wide. There is a knot of blue ribbon above each ear, the ribbon connecting over the summit of the head, and from the knot there is a band of lace extending over the crown of the head. The strings are of rich blue *taffetas* ribbon, gathered into three puffs, extending seven or eight inches below the chin, and each puff is surrounded with a row of lace. The strings fall, flowingly, to fifteen or eighteen inches below the ears.

A cap more simple, and perhaps prettier, is formed of a round piece of embroidered muslin to fit the back of the head, and drawn in at the neck so as to form a curtain two inches deep behind. From the ears front the cap is edged with wide strawberry-pointed lace, starting from a half inch wide at the ears, and widening to three inches over the forehead. From the ears the curtain is edged with a fall of lace widening from nothing to two inches behind. There is a bouquet of *rose du roi* ribbon over each ear; from each a ribbon passes over the joining of the brim to the cap over the forehead and back of the neck. Underneath the

border, and extending out beyond it at the sides, is a ruche of wide ribbon *rose du roi*, thus forming a cap to cover the head to below the ears, similar to the form our grandmothers wore, and this is stated to be the most desirable form.

Fichu-canewou.—This is of muslin, cut so as to fit the neck closely, and extend out to the tips of the shoulders, and form a point at the waist behind, and a similar point at the waist in front. It is then laid in perpendicular plaits like a gentleman's shirt-bosom. At the edge there is then placed a width of lace, three inches wide on the shoulders, and terminating in points on the back and in front. In this band of lace is inserted a blue ribbon, or the band is formed of little rows of lace and ribbons to the shape required. It is then finished by gathering to the outer edge of the band a row of muslin, pointed before and behind, and three inches wide on the shoulders, this fullled band being edged by a narrow band of scolloped lace. At the front there is a large muslin knot, and long, round-ended lappets edged with scolloped lace. The neck is trimmed with a surrounding of lace two inches wide, stitched to the muslin full, or gathered on and edged with a half inch band of scolloped lace. Each edge of the band of insertion is also edged with a half inch row of scolloped lace.

Undereleves.—Of those for full dress four forms prevail. The first is of muslin, embroidered in the form of little peas. It is very large, and gathered to a band four inches deep from the arm-hole. The inseam is gathered or drawn, and the sleeve is then gathered to an embroidered band just large enough to receive the hand. This band is three inches deep and ruched, then ornamented with a band of velvet one-fourth inch wide, in small figures.

The second one is of plain muslin, formed into one large puff, and then the lower half is divided lengthwise by nine bars of muslin, ornamented with velvet, to which the sleeve is drawn or Shirred, to reduce its length one-fourth. The cuff fits the wrist easily, and is formed of a ruching of muslin, ornamented with velvet, and edged on both sides with black lace.

The third is of muslin, gathered to the hand with one narrow puff, long on the underside, from whence it is rounded and open on the inseam to the puff, where there is a knot of blue ribbon; and the edges from the knob round the bottom are the same, as the *fichu-canewou*.

The fourth (of muslin) is formed of two puffs above the elbow, and two flounces emerging from the puffs, the lower one extending to the length of a three-quarter sleeve. These flounces are very full, each ornamented round the middle with a puff of green ribbon, and edged with a ruche of the same ribbon; below each puff there is a very narrow fall of scolloped lace. A double bow-knot ornaments the inseam over each row of puffing.

WAISTS, SLEEVES, AND SKIRTS.—The Venetian

corsetage for home dress is very popular. It is made of white muslin to fit the body, and divided lengthwise in front by five black velvet ribbons, to which it is gathered. There is a black velvet ribbon at the top round the neck, edged with a narrow band of scolloped black lace. There is no collar worn with this body. A velvet epaulette, in the form of a half moon, is widest at the top of the shoulder, below which are two puffs in the sleeve; from the lower puff the sleeve is divided lengthwise by six velvet ribbons, to which the sleeve is gathered. The wristband is trimmed round with a velvet ribbon and a knot on the top of the wrist. There is a waist-ribbon of black velvet two inches wide, tied in a double bow-knot at front, with flowing ends. This body is pretty, with a skirt of *rose taffetas*, or with any skirt of carmine *nuance*.

The sleeve in highest favor for morning dresses is cut full at the armhole, and tapering all the way to the wrist, and formed into eight graduated puffs, terminating in a fitting wristband, closing with a hook and eye. A sleeve of this kind for a dinner-dress, to be more dressy, is ornamented with a knot of ribbon like that which trims the rest of the dress between each puff on the top of the arm. The sleeve of graduated puffs is destined to have quite a run.

The *pagode* sleeve, and the full, flowing, pointed sleeve, both with one or two puffs near the arm-hole, are in favor, as is also the tight-fitting sleeve with one or two large puffs near the top, and fitting at the wrist, over which is turned a deep lace cuff.

Square bodies are worn for promenade and carriage dresses, with *ceinture* and ornamental brooch. Pointed waists for all *décolleté* bodies. Vest-pointed waists in front, and three points on the back with a diamond centre, is still in favor.

Short sleeves for *décolleté* dresses are formed of one or two puffs and a flounce.

Easy sacks of black silk and velvet are in fashion; they are cut in the Zouave style, but without the numerous buttons and loops up the front. They are generally closed with hooks and eyes, and the bottom is made with a slit at each side, and a slit behind up each side-seam. The back is cut six inches wide at the waist. The edges are braided, and a tassel is attached to the lower corner of each slit. Some *couturières* close the silk with trellis-work of fine silk cord. Bodies of high dresses are trimmed as they were last spring, being either closed with buttons and holes, or with hooks and eyes, and a row of buttons placed on the upper edge of the front of body. It is quite fashionable to run a row of graduated buttons down the front of skirt, starting with very small ones at the waist, and enlarging regularly to the bottom.

Skirts of very thin material are ornamented with horizontal rows of puffing two-thirds the way up from the bottom. Those of heavier material, such as silk, *moire antique*, reps, poplin, delaine, &c., are either made with from seven to nine narrow flounces

gathered on from the bottom to two-thirds the way to the knee, so that one flounce just escapes the heading of the one next below it. Or, they are made with one puff at mid-leg, and ending in a flounce from said puff, and with a puffing in the tunie form, or in the apron form, *à tablier*.

The style of promenade dress and traveling dress to consist of a gray poplin skirt, and *casaque* of the same, is quite in favor. The *casaque* is cut with a close-fitting body, and one row of large blue silk buttons trims the body up the front and down the edges of the skirt, set close together, and behind at the waist are two buttons. They are one and a half inch diameter, flat-surfaced, and set two inches apart up the front. The body closes from the waist to the neck with hooks and eyes. The *casaque* extends to within six inches of the bottom

of the dress. The skirt is plain. That of the *casaque* is plain and cut like a long *basque*, with or without back-seam, but the back very narrow at the waist. It is plain and close at the neck, surrounded with a square muslin collar, turning down.

The *robe de chambre* is cut in the form of a long, full *basque*, without at all taking the form of the figure. It is closed at the waist with cord and tassels, and faced up the front, round the neck, and the cuffs of *pagode* sleeves, with quilted silk of bright gay color, such as pink, blue, or orange. Cashmere is the material preferred, either plain or figured. Subdued colors for the robes, and gay ones for the trimmings, is the fashion.

The fickle goddess has made no change in rings, pins, and bracelets.

New Publications.

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES, AND MISSIONARY LABORS, DURING AN EIGHTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN EASTERN AFRICA: Together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukarabani, Shoa, Abyssinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. I. Lewis Krapf, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute of Basel, and late Missionary in the Service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa. With an Appendix respecting the Snow-Capped Mountains of Eastern Africa; the Sources of the Nile; the Language and Literature of Abyssinia and Eastern Africa, etc., etc.; and a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa up to the Discovery of the Uyenyesi, by Dr. Livingston, in September last. By E. I. Revenstein, F. R. G. S. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

For eighteen years, Dr. Krapf has devoted himself to missionary labors among the Africans on the eastern coast; and in this volume gives a large amount of curious and valuable information, in regard to races of people in the equatorial regions, hitherto unknown to Europeans. While Dr. Livingston has pursued his labors and researches in regions south of, but approaching, the equator, Dr. Krapf has as untiringly devoted himself to explorations, proximately, at the north, and along the eastern coast. The two distinguished missionary travelers approached each other within five degrees of latitude. In the Appendix, much important matter will be found, valuable to the geographer and student of ethnology and linguistic science. The interest felt in Africa, is one of the noticeable

things of the present day. The attention of the civilized world is being drawn to her vast interior population and resources; and, at the same time, Christian philanthropy is pondering the means of her development towards civilization and national regeneration. The discoverers' stimulant is not the love of gold or conquest; but Christian regard for the neighbors' good leads on the self-sacrificing adventurers. It is a new age, this nineteenth century; a new age, with new and higher motives and impulses. Interior Africa, in providence, has been guarded from the encroachments of Europe, until Europe could advance upon her in blessing, instead of cursing. She will not now be the land of bloody adventure and conquest; but a theatre of Christian civilization. In our mind, there is more hope of Africa than Asia; for life in Africa seems less sluggish, less coldly cruel; less fixed in the hereditary forms of impulsive ages.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES, WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. Monteith, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have here, substantially bound in one volume, five instructive books. They have been some time before the public as separate volumes, but can now be had complete.

ETCIPIDES EX RECENSIONE FREDERICI A. PALEY. Accessit Verborum Et Nomina Index Vol. I. - New York: Harper & Brothers.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In two vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Hood, though a humorist, was a man of deep and humane feelings, and his contemporaries bear testimony to the excellence of his character. These memorials are by his son and daughter, who speak of their father with a reverence and affection that are in themselves a high tribute to his worth. The preface and notes by his son Thomas are in good taste, and give us pleasant glimpses of the man. A delicacy, that we can well appreciate, kept from the work many letters written by Hood to his wife; but an extract from one is given, that shows the tender love that existed between them, and which is all the more fragrant, because such tenderness seems rarely to find growth with those who make literature a profession. We copy the extract:—
a veritable love-letter in style, and came from a warm place in the heart:—"I never was anything dearest, till I knew you—and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflows of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness—worth—excellence—all that is wisely or womanly, from my pen."

The following is related as a good joke, in retaliation upon some friends, who undertook the dangerous experiment of playing a trick upon the joker:—"On one occasion, two or three friends came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till, on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went my father into the water. Fortunately it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in doors. His friends, getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly, that they were almost at their wits' ends what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant jokers.

There was no doctor to be had for miles, and a sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughing, while they supposed he had got ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard. My father, at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke."

ECHOES OF EUROPE; OR, WORD PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By E. K. Washington. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

A new book of European travel, putting on the imposing shape of seven hundred pages octavo, is something so formidable, that one turns from it almost instinctively. So we felt, as this book, "Echoes of Europe," looked up at us from our table. The brief, saucy preface—not in good taste—made us feel inclined to shut the covers down. But, a glance into the volume changed our feelings. We found it the record of a traveler, with eyes and intellect; of a man of quick observation, ready expression, and good powers of description. It is eminently a readable book, and will amply repay the time spent in its perusal. In a note, at the close of the book, the author gives the following information in regard to the expense of an European tour:—

"The necessary expenses of a trip to Europe, will generally average about five dollars per day, for every day one is absent. This will include locomotion, boarding, fees to guides, fees to guards, 'visas' for passports; and, in general, one's necessary and decent expenses—admit of stopping at the best hotels. Should one travel fast, however, and not remain long in each city, his expenses will exceed this amount. In the British empire, also, one's expenses will reach, on an average, eight or nine dollars a day. The cheapest places are Southern Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The above estimate of five dollars a day, is about the average of one's necessary expenses. In Rome or Naples, one's merely hotel expenses need not exceed two and a half dollars per day; this includes ordinary wines. The French language is altogether necessary; for though many of the first class hotels keep one servant who can speak English, the traveler is always presumed to speak French, and addressed in it, and will frequently be exposed to inconvenience and annoyance, for want of this desideratum."

LOVEL, THE WIDOWER. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York; Harper & Brothers. A cheap edition of Thackeray's last novel.

A MAN. By Rev. Jno. D. Bell. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

A volume suggestive of healthy views of life. It is made up of a series of essays, and written with great earnestness. The author shows the difference between existing and living, laboring and working, and shows the fearful effects of the neglect or the abuse of intellectual and physical culture. "A superior education of the whole man is urged with great power. The author discusses the higher uses of the SENSES. Exposing the ignoble life of the mere utilitarian, he shows the true design and value of the beautiful. He dwells on the poetic susceptibility in its relation to Nature, on the pleasures of the eye and the ear, and on the scenery of the Seasons. He discusses the life of the student, and the encouraging and rewarding felicities which accompany the prosecution of intellectual pursuits. He considers the student's dangers and errors; the importance to him of maintaining his health, and of fitting himself for practical life, while he is engaged and delighted in the world of books."

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MIND. By the Author of "Lessons on Reasoning," "Lessons on Morals," &c. Boston and Cambridge: Jas. Monroe & Co.

This small volume, by the distinguished Archbishop Whately, is remarkable for the clearness of thought with which every theme is presented, the directness and precision of every statement, and the pertinence and fullness of illustration brought to bear upon the subjects presented to the mind. How few there are who comprehend anything in regard to the mental evolutions constantly going on within themselves, or who understand anything about the grand machine of thought they possess! Thousands, who have ordinary intelligence, who are regarded as bright men and women, would find in this book such helps to orderly thinking, as would give them a new mental power, and a greater influence in their sphere of life. We study ourselves too little; have too limited a knowledge of the processes going on in the inner man. We do not know what manner of beings we are.

NATURAL HISTORY. For the Use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author says: "My object has been to cull from the immense mass of material which Zoology presents, *that which every well-informed person ought to know*, excluding all which is of interest and value only to those who intend to be thorough Zoolologists." The volume is not, therefore, so much one of reference, as for instruction in all the leading facts of natural history. It seems to be well calculated for a home as well as a school-book. The illustrations are numerous, and finely executed.

ROSA; OR, THE PARISIAN GIRL. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A moral and religious story for the young, giving us French life in an aspect very different from what is ordinarily presented in French literature. It has been said that home-life, in the sense of English and American home-life, is unknown in France. This, however, is denied by some who have been privileged to pass the barriers that shut in the true French home, which is guarded with scrupulous care. "Rosa" gives us glimpses of domestic life, as sweet and pure and loving as anything to be found. The translator says: "The scenes in this volume are real; and they differ from those usually found in poisonous French works of fiction, as do the sweet breath of morn, the smell of violets and of new-mown hay, from the hot, perfumed, unhealthy atmosphere of a Parisian drawing-room."

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY. By Grace and Philip Wharton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume contains sketches of the lives of a number of distinguished women of England and France, who, in the last and beginning of the present century, ruled by their wit, beauty, or talents, as queens in society. Among these were the Duchess of Marlborough, Madame Roland, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Letitia E. Landon (L. E. L.), Lady Morgan, Madame de Staél, Mrs. Dama, Lady Caroline Lamb, Madame Recamia, &c., &c. The book is written in a pleasant style, and the pictures of character and social life given vivid and interesting. It is freely illustrated with engravings.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By George Henry Lewes, Author of "Physiology of Common Life." New York; Harper & Brothers.

Get this book, and read it carefully, ye who love nature, and seek to penetrate her mysteries. The author will lead you in among her hidden places, where the wonderful transformations in animal life are in process, and you will see more through his eyes, in a few hours, than a lifetime of unaided vision would reveal. The volume is small, but a treasury of knowledge.

THE SUNNY SOUTH; OR, THE SOUTHERNER AT HOME. Embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Professor J. H. Ingraham. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

These letters from the South were published several years ago in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, and attracted attention by their liveliness and pleasant descriptions. The old readers of that paper will remember "Kate Conyngham" and her "Needles." The book will be found entertaining.

Editors' Department.

"HARVEY'S WIFE."

"But Harvey's wife is to have a new one, you see, Willard!"

"And that is a good and sufficient reason why my wife should have one, too, I suppose!"

Willard Phelps said these words with a smile so pleasant and so fond, looking on the fair face of the woman he had called his wife for a couple of years, that she could not feel vexed or wounded, though there was unconsciously to the speaker a little tone of reproof in his voice, just as though he felt the "good and sufficient reason" his wife had assigned for getting a new winter hat, was a small weakness that must be indulged.

Mrs. Phelps lifted a pair of very pleasant blue eyes to her husband, as she asked quite seriously, "Well, isn't it a good reason, Willard, that I should dress as well as your brother's wife?"

"I presume so. Women think a great deal about these things. How much will the hat be?" drawing out his porte-monnaie.

"Well—ten dollars, I think. I'll be just as economical as I can."

"I don't doubt it, Mary; only you must be certain to carry the fear and the memory of Harvey's wife's bonnet to the milliner's this morning."

Mrs. Phelps was a very good-natured woman on the whole; but I think she would have pouted this time, if her husband had not sealed his words with a kiss, as he slipped the money into her hands, and hurried off to the store.

He and his brother were clerks in a large wholesale house, each with a salary of fifteen hundred a year. The young men had married about the same time, and their wives were old friends, and had been schoolmates.

The young men were very happy husbands. Their wives were sensible, estimable, loving, home-women; but Mrs. Harvey Phelps had a rich brother, who was very fond of her, made her elegant presents, and supplied her with a good deal of pocket-money.

Mrs. Willard Phelps had none: and good and sensible a woman as she was, she was still human enough, and foolish enough to carry about with her a little feeling that Harvey's wife had no right to outshine her in her dress, or any of her household appointments.

Indeed, in some far back closet of Mary Phelps's soul, was a little spirit of envy and jealousy, that had never seen the light, but that made itself felt when "Harvey's wife" displayed an elegant dress,

a new set of china, or anything so costly or elegant, that it was at once evident some other purse-strings beside her husband's must have been loosened to purchase it.

And in all her household appointments, in all her outlays for her own wardrobe, Mrs. Phelps was unconsciously influenced, more or less, by the thought of "Harvey's wife." It was the "black crow" that stood at the door of the happy wife, and she never suspected it.

But that morning the words of her husband haunted the thoughts of Mrs. Willard Phelps, as she slipped the little roll of bank notes into her purse, and away down in her soul a voice commenced speaking after this fashion:

"Wasn't there some truth, now, in what Willard said this morning? Is it a good and sufficient reason that you should have a new bonnet, because Harvey's wife has one? You know your black velvet is as good as new, though you've worn it two years, and that you could alter it, and with new face trimmings and strings, it would be handsome enough for anybody."

"But, then, Harvey's wife will come out in something new and pretty, and I don't like to have her outshine me always." It was not the voice far down in Mrs. Phelps's soul, which added this last consideration.

But it answered promptly: "See here now, aren't you a little weak and over-sensitive about Harvey's wife? If she can afford a new hat, let her have it, but that's no reason you shouldn't wear your old one. Now, you are a sensible woman, Mary Phelps. I hope you are a Christian one, and it's just a mean and miserable way of getting on, to carry this shadow of Harvey's wife about with you. Look the matter bravely in the face now, and get above it as soon as possible."

There was a struggle—of course there was—in Mrs. Phelps's soul, but it ended in her saying, with a little emphasis of her foot on the floor: "I shall not go to the milliner's this morning; I shall wear my old bonnet next winter!"

And a little later, her thoughts leaped into another channel: "I'll just take that money, and get Willard a new dressing-gown for Christmas. There's plenty of time to make it; and if it doesn't look pretty, it shan't be my fault; maroon-colored silk, trimmed with black braid—he will look so handsome in it; and I'll go out this very day, and purchase the materials."

White and tasteful fingers worked assiduously at

that dressing-gown—worked at it, amid pleasant, dreamy smiles, puckering and parting the sweet lips—worked at it, amid snatches of old tunes, and breaks of sudden melody, that reminded one of a bird's song in a May morning; when the air is full of the joys of sunshine and the sweetness of blossoms.

"Here, Willard, here's your merry Christmas! I made it all myself!" She held up the dressing-gown with a proud, beaming face.

"Did you? Bless your little heart!" The young man took the tasteful garment, and inspected it with that mingled expression of wonder and mystery, with which gentlemen usually regard any feminine achievement of the kind.

"Isn't it a beauty, Willard? Come now, old fellow; I want to see it on you."

Mrs. Phelps tied with her dainty fingers the black and crimson tassels, and then turned her husband round several times, during her recurring survey; then, she stepped a little aside.

"Oh, Willard, it's so becoming, and it fits like a charm; I never saw you look so handsome in my life!"

"You are the dearest little wife in Christendom," catching up the slender figure, and playfully swinging it round.

"What have you gone without, to get me this?"

"A new bonnet."

"And Harvey's wife has a new one. That was a sacrifice of which I didn't consider even *you* capable."

"Don't, Harry; I hope I've got over my old folly about Harvey's wife. It was a weakness and a sin."

It was about the only fault I ever saw in you; and how such a sinner as I, ever got hold of such a saint as you, Mary Phelps——"

The speech was not concluded: a little hand stole softly across the speaker's mouth, and he drew the hand away, and completed the sentence with a thank-offering of kisses.

V. F. T.

IDLENESS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

The British government have appointed a commissioner to inquire into the results of excessive labor in factories, and the welfare of women generally, and this commissioner (Mr. Chadwick) reports:—"That the proportion of mothers of the well-to-do classes who can nurse their own children, is diminishing; that among women who have one servant there are ailments which are unknown amongst women who have no servants; and that these ailments are worse with women who have two servants; and get very bad, indeed, and with new complications of hypochondria, amongst women who have three servants."

When the number of servants reaches four or five, as often occurs in this country, as well as in England, the visits of a physician are almost as constant as the visits of the baker and milkman.

There is food for serious thought in the report of Mr. Chadwick. Its correctness no one will question for a moment—it being within the observation of most persons that a poorer state of health exists among those women who spend the greater part of their time in idle self-indulgence, than among those who are usefully employed. Biddy is hale and hearty, while her mistress has no appetite, and droops languidly through the day when not toned up by some extra excitement.

The number of servants kept by families in this country is an evil in more respects than one. It fosters indolence in wives and daughters, thus throwing heavier burdens upon husbands and fathers, and making the comfort of the household almost entirely dependent on a class (Irish servants, we mean,) who, as a general thing, have no interests or sympathies in common with the families in which they reside, and who make waste, instead of economy, the rule. The annoyance and discomforts of a domestic establishment always increases in proportion to the number of servants employed. With one domestic a lady may get along quite pleasantly, and be really the mistress of her own house. She will then find enough to do to keep the blood circulating freely in her veins, and her mind in that cheerful state which always accompanies a consciousness of having done some useful work. One servant in a moderate sized family, and a willing heart, dutywards, in the mistress, will keep out the doctor, the blues, and those domestic irregularities that form the common theme of talk among most American housekeepers. But give Biddy a companion in the shape of nurse, waiter, or chambermaid, and the day of home comfort has departed. At once a new interest, antagonist to your own, is set up, and you may consider yourself a second power in the kingdom. Waste, disorder, and annoyances of various kinds appear, and you war against them in vain. The work that, with your assistance, was easy, has become so hard, that sour faces and complainings meet you at every turn, and in the vain hope of relief you give strength to your enemies by adding a third to their number. Alas for you after that most serious mistake of all. Two servants in a house are bad enough, but with three the case is hopeless. Four and five are sometimes resorted to after this, in the vain struggle for relief—of all unfortunate housekeepers these last are most to be pitied. The general of an army has a lighter task than the lady who attempts to manage four or five servants.

Pride, self-indulgence, and idleness, lie at the root of nearly all the troubles that afflict housekeepers. Verily, we are in the hands of Philistines, who are despoiling wives and daughters of health, and husbands and fathers of their substance. Not one woman in twenty is now able to rule her house, nor one man in twenty sure of order and comfort in his home for three days in succession.

The remedy for all this lies only in one direction.

Lady housekeepers must begin to work in an inverse order in the matter of servants, and diminish, instead of increasing the number. In every house where there are two or more servants, let the experiment be tried of dismissing one, and dividing her duties, if need be, among the growing up girls of the household, if there are any such—the work will do them good in mind and body. If additional work falls on the mistress, it will, in four cases out of five, be a useful change for her, and make her feel better, mentally and physically. Such a general dismissal of servants would help to bring Biddy to her senses, and teach her a few lessons that she greatly needs to learn.

As to the doing of household work by delicate and dainty hands, that now lie for hours each day in fruitless idleness, the honor is all on the side of doing. Idleness is always discreditable, and useful work always honorable. But beyond lies the question of health, and this all physiologists, and all sensible people will tell you, is incompatible with idle self-indulgence. In the cares, duties, and labor of the household, cheerfully met, a woman will find more of a health-giving influence than in all medicines, or vagrant summer-wanderings after hygeian springs.

The authorship of the "Rutledge" is one of the unsettled questions in literary circles. Two or three names have been mentioned, but no admission of the paternity has yet appeared. It is pretty generally regarded as the work of a young lady, and she is said to belong to a wealthy family in New York city. The manuscript was offered to another prominent publishing house, before it went into the hands of Derby & Jackson, and declined by their reader. The book is open to many objections, on strict rules of literary criticism, and is yet the most fascinating novel of the season. The author carries the reader away almost from the beginning, and holds his attention to the very last page. He recognizes improbabilities, and sometimes impossibilities, but they seem of small account, amid so much that is natural and genial, finely philosophic, or powerfully dramatic. Some of the characters are drawn with an artist-like fidelity to nature. As a whole, "Rutledge" indicates the possession of unusual ability, and we shall be mistaken if the author does not, in the maturity of her powers, take a distinguished position.

"It is rainsome to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure that they can accomplish with moderate industry; it not only tends to make their minds superficial, but, what is still less thought of, their characters slippery, slip-shod, and slip-slop."

OCTOBER.

The year is completing her Miracle! Glorious as an army with banners she walks through October!

And they who rejoiced in the gladness of the spring, and the beauty of the summer, shall revel in such paintings of sky and earth as only God's hand can accomplish. The forests are great pillars of flame, in the west are seen great fleets with sails of crimson, and looking on the face of the earth, we know that solemn, and stately, and gorgeous October has taken up her march in the sisterhood of the months.

In a little while the year will fall into chill and shadow. The wood-fires will be kindled in the kitchens of old country houses; there will be the sad, rustling sound of the leaves on the earth, the fall of apples on the pale orchard grass, the droppings of nuts in the woods.

And later there will come that last smile of the year, the still, serene, yearning *Indian Summer*, and afterward the early nights, the cold, pallid, stricken days, and the wild storms—and then the year must arise and gird herself, and prepare to go out and die.

V. F. T.

MINNIE,

Aged two years, six months.

Is this all, Minnie—this bright lock of hair,
That sudden leaps into a ring of gold
When the stray sunbeams catch it? Is this all—
The picture of a sweet child's face asleep,
As though thou hadst turned weary from thy play,
And sank amid sweet lullabies to rest?
Are these all, Minnie, of that bright young head
That came to us last summer?

I can hear

The flutter of the small feet round the floor,
The outbreaks of sweet laughter, and the words
Tangled and broken upon lips whose bloom
Was like the flush of sea shells. I can see
The sudden glancing of the golden head
Amid its playing, and the blue eyes come,
And with shy wonder look up to my face
Just as they did last summer.

Oh, to think,

Child, made of God so fair and beautiful,
But these are left of thee!

Thou hast laid down

Where the green pillows of the prairie grass,
Cover thy loveliness; thou canst not know
What sackcloth and what ashes clothe the hearts
That mourn thee, Minnie!

But no tears shall blur

The lustre of those harebell eyes of thine;
Oh, child by angels led, thy feet have passed
Into the Upper Homestead. It is well,
For God hath called thee! and as sweet birds sing
Through joyous summer morns the songs of earth,
Sing thou, beloved, the morning songs of Heaven!

V. F. T.

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THE TELEGRAM.

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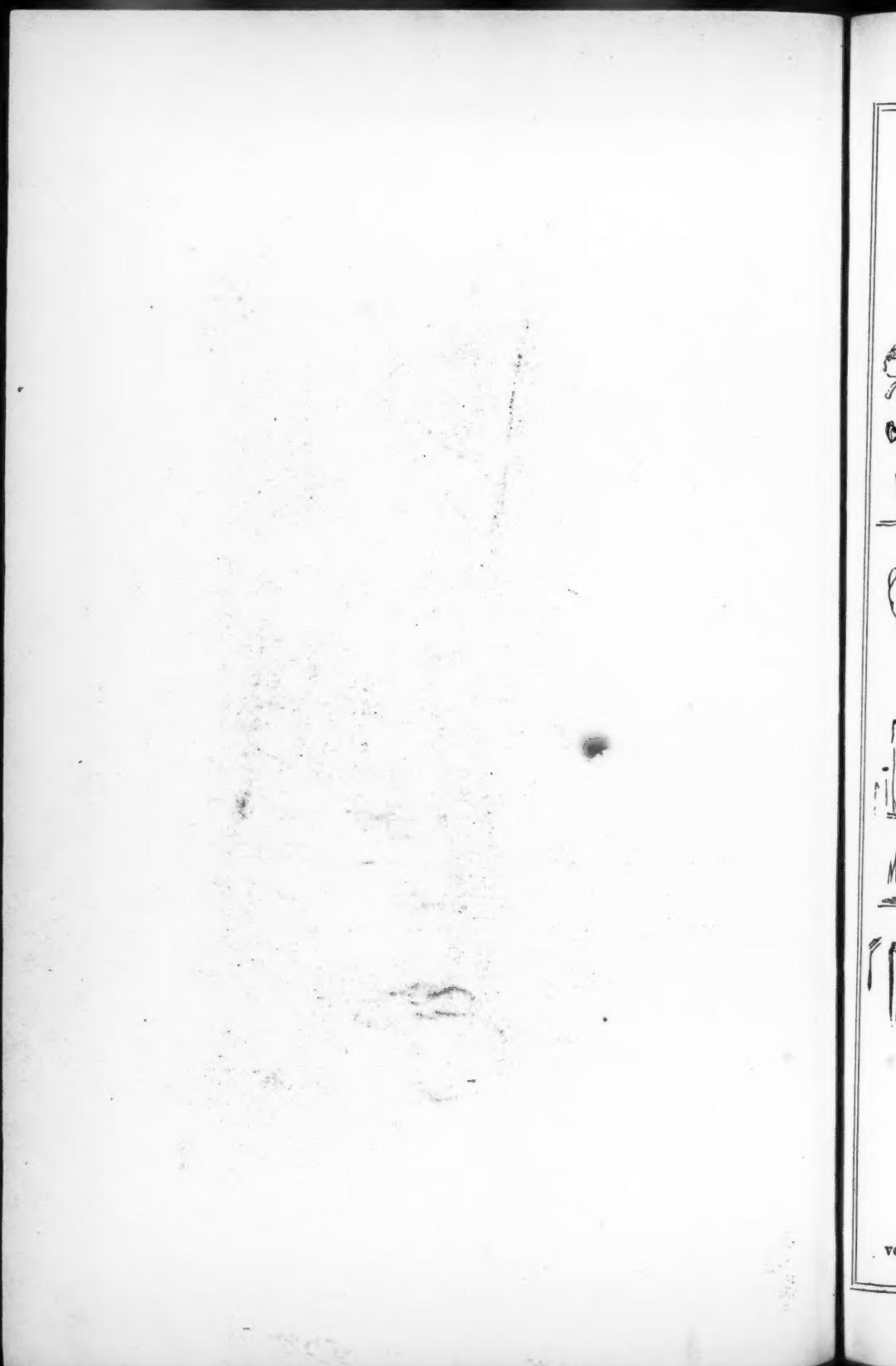




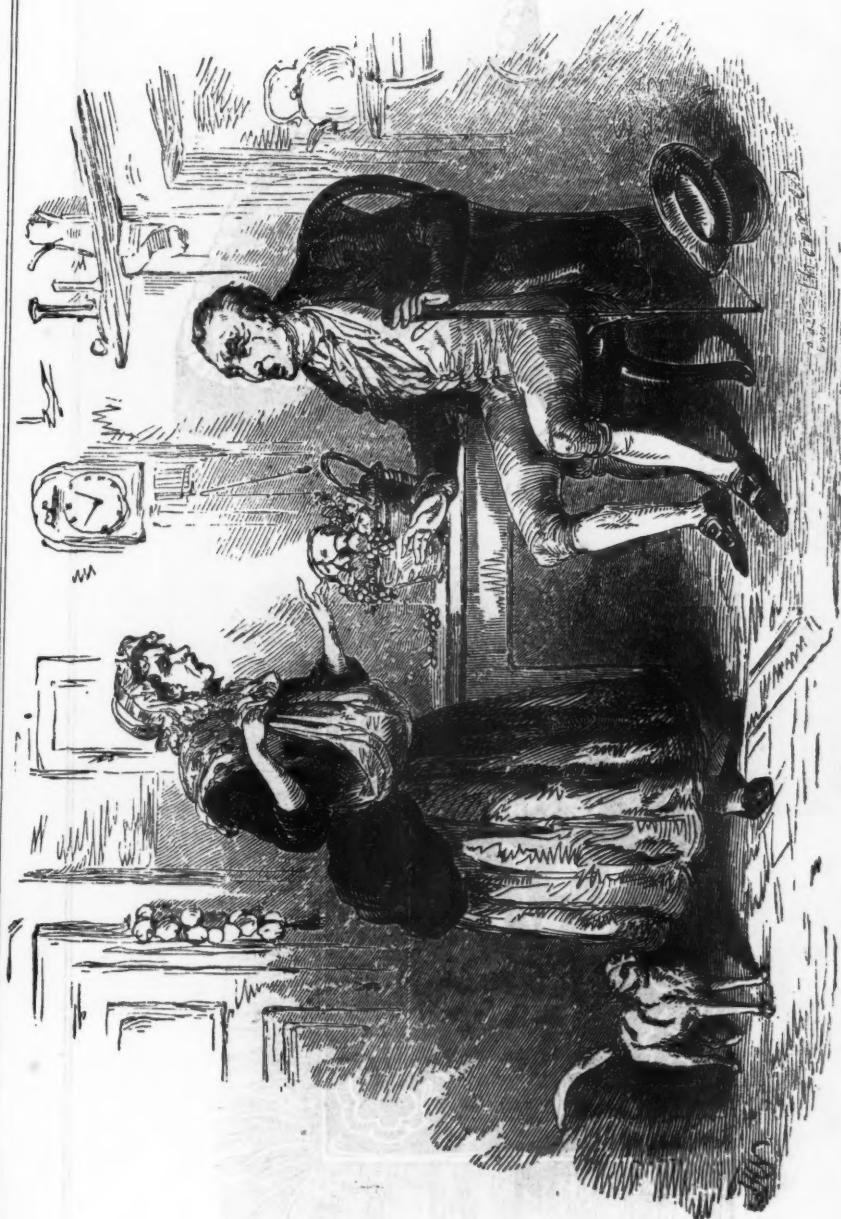


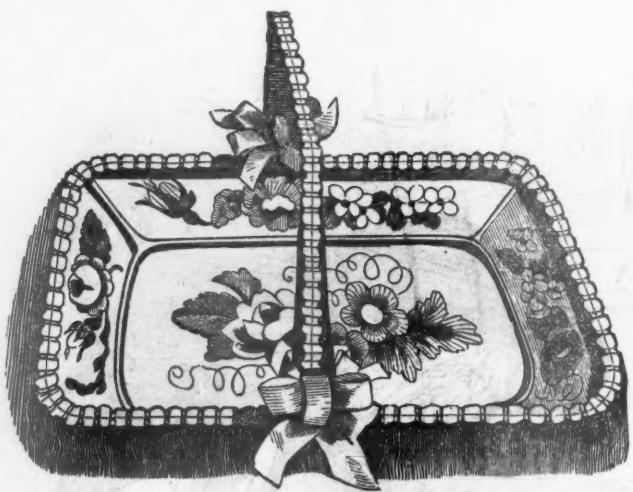
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HOME MAGAZINE NOV. 1860

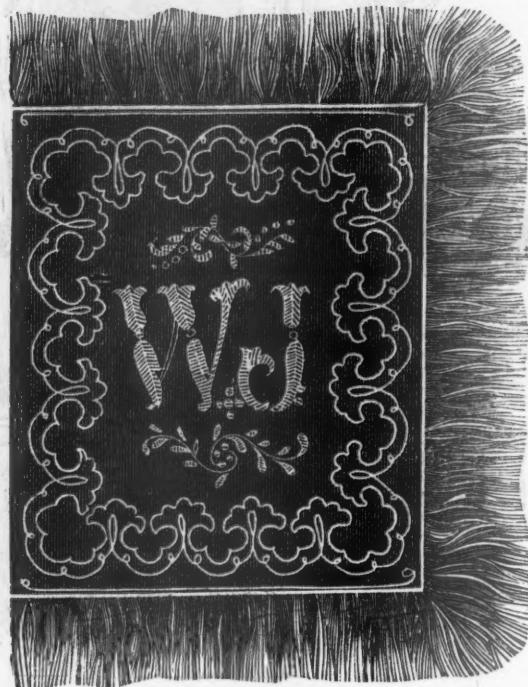


SOMETHING WRONG.

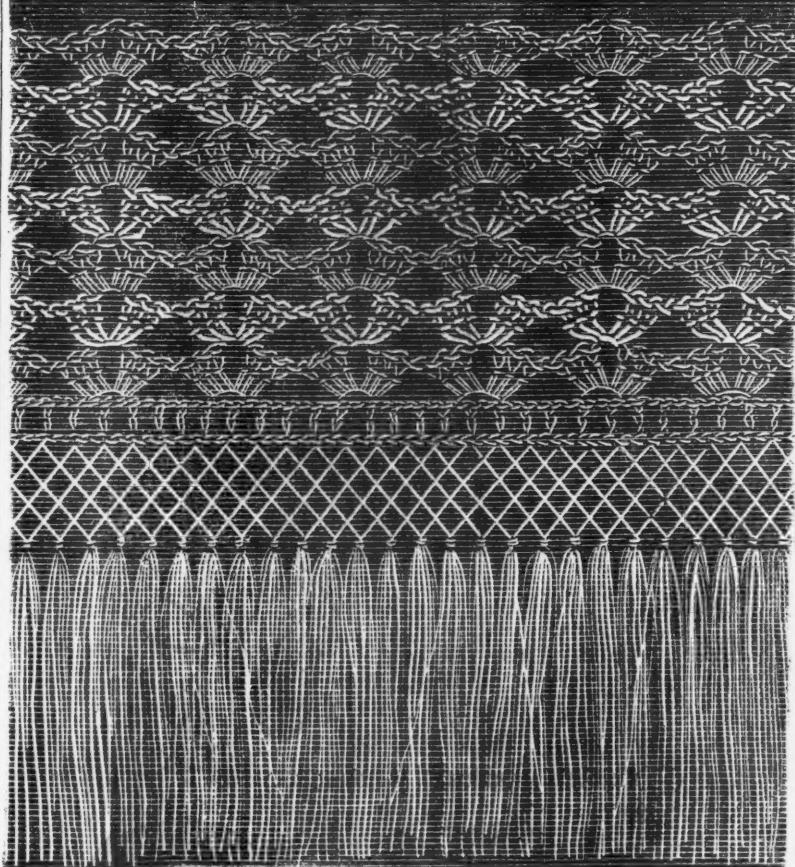




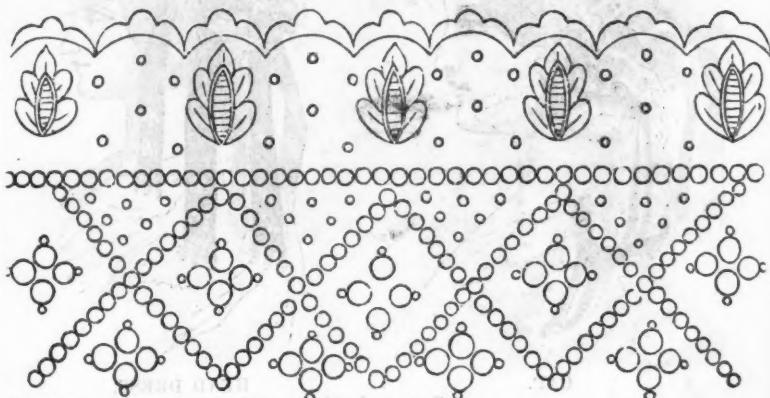
LADY'S WORK BASKET. (*See Description.*)



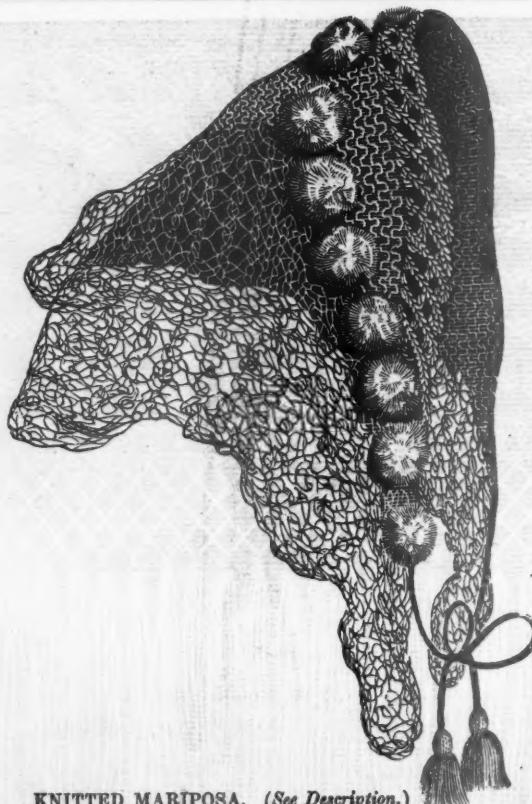
SHAVING BOOK.



WOOL SCARF, IN CROCHET. (*See Description.*)



PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.



KNITTED MARIPOSA. (*See Description.*)



CAP.



HEAD DRESS.

Composed of loops of black velvet falling full at the sides, mingled with golden wheat ears, from which descend on either side streamers of black velvet ribbon.



BOY'S WINTER HAT IN KNITTING. (*See Description.*)



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



CHILD'S SACK AND DRESS.



CHEMISSETTE AND SLEEVES.

GENTLEMAN'S CROCHET LOUNGING CAP.



The material is coarse, rich blue netting; silk for the ground; the pattern being either in gold thread, or gold-colored silk; the veins of the leaves are black. It is commenced by making a chain of about nineteen inches long, joining it and working round and round until it is of sufficient depth. The all pattern round the edge is to be worked in the gold or yellow; the wreath of leaves and the star at the top also in the same. The crown is gathered in and finished with a handsome tassel of blue, red, and black.

ANOTHER FASHIONABLE



FALL CLOAK.